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WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP,

FROM

THE GERMAN;

AND

ORIGINAL POEMS.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY ALBEMARLE-STREET.

MDCCXXX.



LONDON:

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TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THE GERMAN.

B



TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THE GERMAN.

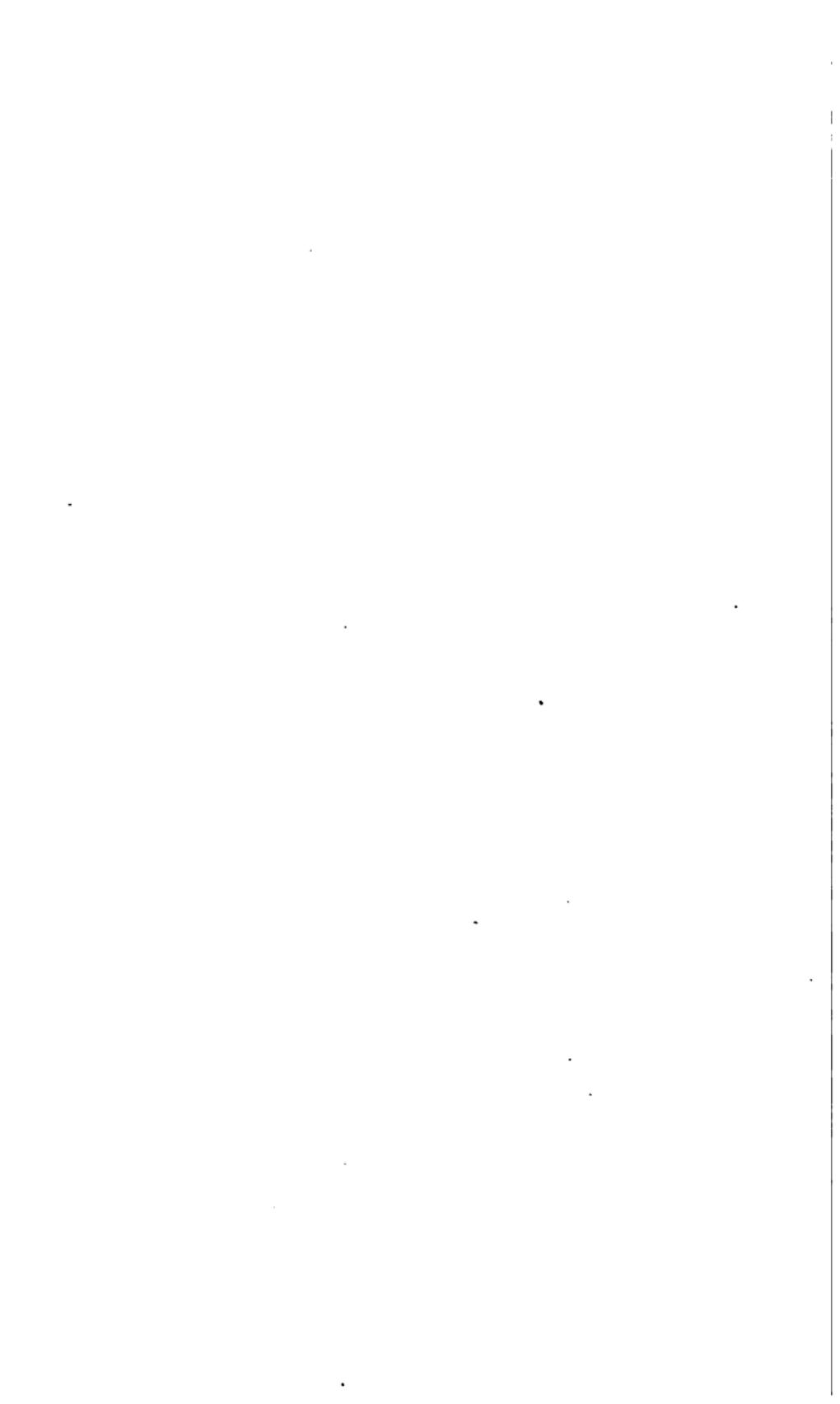
B



TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THE GERMAN.



PROLOGUE
TO
WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP.

SPOKEN AT THE RE-OPENING OF THE WEIMAR THEATRE,
IN OCTOBER, 1798.

THE Drama—she whose mask, now grave, now gay,
Has borrowed oft your willing eyes and ears,
And made a captive of the yielding soul—
Again unites us in this proud saloon.
And, lo! in renovated youth it shines,
And Art has added to her temple's splendour:
A loftier spirit in harmonious tones
Breathes audibly from yonder columned range,
Raising the soul to high and solemn feeling.
Yet 'tis our ancient haunt, the original scene,
Cradle of infant power, and old arena

Where youthful talent started on its course.
We too are yet the same beneath your glance
With zeal and impulse strong, who trained our powers ;
This very stage a mightier master* walked,
Up to the loftiest circles of his art
Your souls with his creative genius charming.
Oh, may the added splendour of the place
Still draw the worthiest minds within its sphere,
And show us, in the splendour of completion,
The hopes and wishes entertained so long.
High models wake to loftier emulation,
And give the critic loftier rules to judge by ;
And may this renovated stage be found
Witness of talent in its full perfection.
For where can Art more fitly prove her power,
Renew and vivify her ancient fame,
Than in this favourite and selected circle,
Where, never senseless to the enchanter's wand,
Feeling and Taste can grasp at Fancy's spirit,
And make the subtle fugitive their own ?

* Iffland.

Trackless and fast, alas ! the mimic's art,
The strange, the wondrous fades upon the sense.
Years, ages, pass ; and still the poet's song,
The sculptor's chiseled work, alike survive.
Here with the enchanter dies the enchantment too,
And as the last vibration quits the ear,
The frail creation of the instant leaves us,
And no enduring work embalms its fame—
Hard is his art, and fleeting is the prize !
So must he be a miser of the present,
Straining the instant with an usurer's grasp ;
Seize and engross cotemporary souls,
And in the feeling of the best and wisest
Rear up his living monument, and thus
Share in advance his name's eternal honour.
Who for the best and worthiest of his day
Has done enough, has lived for every age.

The novel æra, which Thalia's art
Here ushers in to night, inspires the poet
With boldness to desert the ancient path ;

From the small circle of domestic life
To bear his audience to a wider scene—
Scene not unworthy of the mighty moment,
The moving times in which we plunge and strive;
For great events alone have power to stir
Man's awful nature from its inmost depths.
In circles more confined the mind is narrowed,
But man grows greater where his aims are great.

And now, when at the century's solemn close
We stand, in times when mere reality
Assumes poetic shape,—when violent natures
For mightiest objects wage fierce war before us,
And for the loftiest interests of man,
Freedom and Rule, the hard-fought strife continues,—
Time is for Art upon her shadowy scene
To dare a loftier flight, she may, she must—
And daily-life's dull scenes shall not detain her.

The ancient mold is crumbling into dust,
The form which once a welcome peace imposed
On Europe's realms, when thirty years of blood

PROLOGUE.

7

Produced at last this dearly purchased fruit.
Oh ! give the poet's fancy leave to bring
That gloomy time once more upon the scene ;
Then with more cheerful glance survey the present,
Or scan the distant future, rich in hope.

E'en in the midway of that dreadful contest
The poet sets you. Sixteen years of waste,
Of plunder, and of wretchedness have passed :—
In troubled masses still the world ferments,
And not a ray of hope pervades the gloom.
The realm's expanse is but a stage for slaughter ;
Her towns lie wasted, Magdeburgh is ashes ;
And trade, and toil, and industry are prostrate.
The citizen is naught, the soldier all.
Unpunished insolence all moral rule
Defies, and on the desolated soil
Rude hordes of lawless warriors camp together.
Upon the gloomy background of this scene—
A bold attempt of an undaunted spirit—
A desperately daring man is painted.

PROLOGUE.

You know him, him the raiser up of hosts,
Crime's worshipped idol, and the scourge of kingdoms—
The Emperor's prop, and object of his fear ;
Fortune's adventurous son, who, borne aloft
Upon the fav'ring influence of the time,
On honour's loftiest summit placed his foot,
And, still unsatisfied, his course pursuing,
A victim to untamed ambition fell.

In history's page his reputation wavers,
As party hate or favour sway the scale ;
Yet shall the poet's skill to sight display—
Yea, bring him nearer to your human hearts.

For Art, which all embraces, all confines,
Subdues extremes, and brings them back to nature :
She looks at man, urged in the whirl of life ;
And, lenient to his errors, she awards
His evil constellations half their blame.

Not he the pageant of our scene to-night.
Yet, mid the ranks of those his orders lead,
His spirit and his dimly-shadowed form

Will walk in union : till the muse, less timid,
Shall bring the living shape at once before you.
For strength in arms has led his heart astray,
So shall his camp illustrate his offence.

Then be the poet pardoned, if he reach
Not at one hasty stride his action's end ;
If to display such great events to sight,
In a long series of successive portraits,
Slowly the storied canvass he unroll.
May what we act to night subdue the ear
And heart to new and unaccustomed tones.
It bears you to the time and to the stage
Which with his deeds the hero of the scene
Shall shortly fill.

And if the Muse to night,
Free goddess as she is of dance and song,
Her ancient German right, the magic rhyme,
Discreetly claim—oh, blame not that request;
Yea, thank her, that to Art's more gladsome realms
She bears away the gloomier form of truth.

'Tis thus illusions of her own creation
Impartial she destroys, nor hides the contrast
Between what seems and is reality—
Gloomy the last, but Art is bright and joyous.

WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SERGEANT MAJOR of a Regiment of Terschka's Corps.

TRUMPETER of a Regiment of Terschka's Corps.

ARTILLERYMAN.

TYROLESE SHARPSHOOTERS.

HORSE CHASSEURS of Holk's Corps, or Mounted Yägers.

DRAGOONS of Butler's Regiment.

ARQUEBUSIERS of Tiefenbach's Regiment.

CUIRASSIER of a Walloon Regiment.

CUIRASSIER of a Lombard Regiment.

CROATS.

HULANS.

RECRUIT.

CITIZEN.

PEASANT.

PEASANT BOY.

CAPUCHIN.

REGIMENTAL SCHOOLMASTER.

SUTLER'S WIFE.

SERVANT GIRL.

SOLDIERS' CHILDREN.

MUSICIANS.

SCENE, the Camp near Pilsen in Bohemia.

WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP.

SCENE I.

Sutler's tents.—In front of them a slopshop.—Soldiers of many different uniforms and insignia passing backwards and forwards.—Tables all occupied.—Croats and Hulans cooking at a fire.—Sutler's wife serving out wine.—Soldiers children throwing dice on a drum.—Singing in the tents.

PEASANT *and his Son.*

SON.

FATHER, some ill will sure ensue.—
Let us avoid the soldier crew ;
Even if life and limb they spare,
Their insolence is hard to bear.

FATHER.

What if their bearing be somewhat rough,
To eat us they hardly are rude enough.
See, there have new ones joined their train,
Fresh from the banks of the Saal and Maine.

Booty they bring, things rare and fine,
Cunning and skill may make them mine.
A captain whom his comrades stuck
Left me some dice of certain luck ;
And soon on these I'll prove my skill,
If they hold their original virtue still.
We must look wretched as wretched may be ;
They are wasteful and loose and free,
Swallow fair language and see no trick,
Make fast winnings and lose them as quick.
If in bushels our goods they gain,
We by spoonfuls must get them again ;
They set rudely the stroke of sword,
We by cunning must sweep the board.

[*Singing and shouting in the tent.*

How they shout !—May God sustain
Us poor peasants, who pay for all.
Eight long months the swarm has lain
In the labourer's bed and stall ;
Far and wide in all our plains
Neither feather nor hoof remains ;

We for hunger and sheer distress
Must gnaw our joints in wretchedness.
Not more sad our old estate,
When the Saxon was at our gate.—
And the name of the Emperor's men they bear.

Son.

See from the kitchen comes out a pair.
By their looks they have little to serve our need.

FATHER.

They are of us, of Bohemia's breed.
Carabiniers of Terschka's train
In these quarters long have lain ;
And these are just the worst of all ;
Spread their shoulders and strut so tall,
As if they were far too good to deign
With the peasant a flask to drain.
But to the left apart I see
Round the fire sharpshooters three—
By their dress they are Tyrolese ;
Emmerick, come, I will have at these ;

Birds of gay note and gaudy feather,
Loving to flock and chatter together.

SCENE II.

The former, SERGEANT, TRUMPETER, HULAN.

TRUMPETER.

Where will the rascal peasant slink?

PEASANT.

Good sirs, for something to eat and drink.

We have touched nothing warm since the sun was up.

TRUMPETER.

Early and late they must gorge and sup.

HULAN, *with a glass.*

No breakfast—take and drink, thou hound.

[*Takes him to a tent—the others come forward.*

SERGEANT *to the TRUMPETER.*

Think ye, without some secret ground

Our pay is doubled?—to the end

That they should give, and we should spend?

TRUMPETER.

Yes, the duchess is coming I know,
And brings her daughter.

SERGEANT.

They come for show.—

The troops which out of foreign lands
Round Pilsen here have joined their bands
With quarters free we must allure,
And by good fellowship secure ;
And gold will chink, and wine will flow,
To make them ours and keep them so.

TRUMPETER.

I doubt some great event is near.

SERGEANT.

The generals do not muster here.

TRUMPETER.

The couriers do not hurry through.

SERGEANT.

For want of other work to do.

That wig from Vienna, the same I mean
Who with his chain of gold is seen
Within the camp since yesternight,
Means somewhat, if I guess him right.

TRUMPETER.

A bloodhound of the emperor's chase,
The footsteps of the duke to trace.

SERGEANT.

Mark well, they trust us not, and fear
The stern close Friedlander's brow severe.
He has risen too high, and fain
They would tumble him down again.

TRUMPETER.

But we upright shall hold him, we—
Were all the rest like you and me,

SERGEANT.

Our regiment here, and the four beside,
By Terschka led, are sure and tried.
The most determined of all his host
Pledged to maintain him in his post.

He named our captains, and through the roll
We are his and will be, body and soul.

SCENE III.

CROAT, *with a necklace*.—SHARPSHOOTER follows him.

—*The former*.

SHARPSHOOTER.

Where stole you that necklace, Croat, tell?

You cannot use it, and ought to sell.

These pistols are worth it—take the pair.

CROAT.

Not I: I doubt if the terms be fair.

SHARPSHOOTER.

Not fair: throw in then my cap of blue,

A prize which in fortune's wheel I drew;

In goodly condition, not worn or bare.

CROAT (*holds the necklace to the light.*)

But mine is of pearls and garnets rare.

See how it sparkles in the sun.

SHARPSHOOTER (*takes it from him.*)

Take my flask beside, and the bargain's done—
'Tis but for the sake of the plaything's glare.

TRUMPETER.

What cheating.—Yäger, if I refrain
From talking—remember, we share the gain.

CROAT (*has put on the cap.*)

Your cap, Sharpshooter, fits me well.

SHARPSHOOTER (*winks to the TRUMPETER.*)

A fair exchange, as you can tell.

SCENE IV.

ARTILLERY SOLDIER (*to the SERGEANT.*)

How fares it, brother Carbinier ?
Must we much longer here be pent
Now that the Swede has struck his tent?

SERGEANT.

Are you so soon upon the fret ?
The roads are not in order yet.

ARTILLERYMAN.

Not I: we sit in comfort here.
But the last messenger relates
That Ratisbon has oped her gates.

TRUMPETER.

Then must we get our reins in hand.

SERGEANT.

Forsooth to guard Bavaria's land.—
No mighty haste to bring relief
To those who hate and harm our chief.

SCENE V.

The former:—two YAGERS, SUTLER'S WIFE, CHILDREN.

SCHOOLMASTER.

TRUMPETER.

Whose corps is that? the two, I mean,
Dizened in silver lace and green.

SERGEANT.

Holk's Yägers. There is 'broidery there
Which scarce could be matched at Leipzig's fair.

WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP.

SUTLER'S WIFE (*brings wine.*)

Good morrow, masters.

FIRST YAGER.

Why, bless me, dame,

'Tis surely the Gustel.

SUTLER'S WIFE.

Kind sir, the same;

From Blasewitz village.—And save us all!

Why 'tis Master Peter—we named The Tall;

Who brought to the regiment one fine night

His father's dollars all fresh and bright,

At Gluckstadt's city.

FIRST YAGER.

And quitted then.

For a soldier's musket the office pen.

SUTLER'S WIFE.

We were well acquainted in times long past.

FIRST YAGER.

And meet, old lady, in Pilsen at last.

SUTLER'S WIFE.

'Tis the chance of war ; we are here to-day,
And gone to-morrow—and far away.
This war is a besom ; we wander and tramp,
As it sweeps us onward, from camp to camp.
I have made some journeys.

FIRST YAGER.

So I should say :

You bear the marks.

SUTLER'S WIFE.

They brought me as far,
With the baggage-waggons, as Temeswar,
When they hunted fierce old Mansfeld down.
With the Duke to Stralsund then I stray'd,
And lost in the trenches my stock in trade.
So I followed the succours to Mantua's town ;
Came back with Feria : then I went
With a Spanish corps on a tour to Ghent ;
Am come to see how Bohemia looks,
Pouch some old debts, and make up my books.

I look to have payment for money lent,
If the Prince should help me—and there's my tent.

FIRST YAGER.

And what is become of your old ally—
The Scotsman who kept your company?

SUTLER'S WIFE.

The knave! one morning off he flew ;
He and my little savings too.
The scapegrace yonder—he left me that.

CHILD.

Is it my papa you mean ?

FIRST YAGER.

The brat

Will be wanted one day when the state needs men,
And must feed at the Emperor's cost till then.

SCHOOLMASTER.

To your lessons—march.

FIRST YAGER.

How slow it treads ;

Already the schoolroom's air it dreads.

SUTLER'S MAID.

Aunt, they are going.

SUTLER'S WIFE.

Well, I hear.

FIRST YAGER.

Whence does that roguish face appear?

SUTLER'S WIFE.

My sister's child.—From Austria's land.

FIRST YAGER.

Aye, aye, a niece: I understand.

SECOND YAGER (*holding back the girl.*)

And why, sweet child, so fast away?

GIRL.

There are guests to serve, and I may not stay.

[*Extricates herself and exit.*

FIRST YAGER.

A choicer bit is seldom seen.

And then the aunt.—The time has been,

When for that little mask was spent

The best blood in the regiment.

Well, faces change, and time will run ;
Much we must see beneath the sun.

[*To the TRUMPETER and SERGEANT.*

Your health, my masters.—We sit with you,
By your permission.

SCENE VI.

SERGEANT.

And welcome too.

How like you our quarters ?

FIRST YAGER.

We like them well :

These seats are warm. When we followed the Swede,
On such goodly lodging we seldom fell.

TRUMPETER.

Yet you show small symptoms of hardship or need.

SERGEANT.

Aye, aye, no blessings on you of yore,
We heard by Meissen and Sala's shore.

SECOND YAGER.

And what has Meissen of us to tell?
God wot the Croat had gone before,
And we had his leavings and nothing more.

TRUMPETER.

Yet your hose sit well, and it falls with grace
O'er the collar your ruff with its cobweb lace.
The soldier's hat with its plume erect,
The fine wove linen, all make effect.
On others for ever such luck may shine;
Such luck and such trappings were never mine.

SERGEANT.

No wonder; for we are the Friedlander's own,
And claim the respect that is due to his fame.

FIRST YAGER.

Do you think it belonging to you alone?
We serve the Duke too, and bear his name.

SERGEANT.

Yes: you are a part of the general throng.

FIRST YAGER.

And to what by distinction do you belong?
I think that the uniform draws the line—
I shall gladly abide by this coat of mine.

SERGEANT.

I pity your notions, but cannot condemn ;
You live with the peasants, and think with them.
The air, the manner, the tone to gain,
One must be in the Duke's peculiar train.

FIRST YAGER.

Oh, yes : in trifles you hit it off;
You can spit like the Friedlander—ape his cough ;
But the spirit, the genius, with which to his aid
His dukedom was won, and his fortune made,
Are not to be learnt on the guard's parade.

SECOND YAGER.

Question, and ask us, what men we be—
The Friedlander's huntsmen wild are we.
We shame not the title ; for free we go
Over the country of friend or foe ;

Over furrow and ridge, through the yellow corn,
They know the yell of Holk's Yäger-horn.
In the lapse of an instant near and far,
Swift as the sin-flood, there we are—
As the red fire-flame through the rafters breaks
In the dead of the dark night when no man wakes :
To fight or to fly they may neither avail,
Drill and discipline both must fail ;
In the sinewy arm may the maiden strain—
War has no pity, she struggles in vain.
Now ask, if ye doubt me—ask far and wide ;
In Baireuth and Cassel, and elsewhere beside.
Where'er we have marched they remember us well ;
Their childrens' children the tale shall tell—
For the age to come, and for others too—
Where Holk and his squadrons have once marched
through.

SERGEANT.

Hear how he talks. Is the soldier found
In the riot and waste which he spreads around ?

The sharpness makes him—the dash, the tact,
The cunning to plan and the spirit to act.

FIRST YAGER.

'Tis liberty makes him ! That I should hear
Such phrases unmeet for a soldier's ear—
That I should have left the rod and the school,
The inky desk and the pedant's rule,
In the tent of the soldier again to find
The galley-slave work which I left behind.
I will swim with the current, and idle stray
For change and for novelty every day ;
To the will of the instant give myself o'er,
Look not behind me and look not before :
For this I'm the Emperor's, body and limb,
My cares and my troubles make over to him.
Let him order me straight where the battle is hot,
Through the smoke of the cartridge, the hailstorm
of shot,
Or o'er the blue deeps of the hurrying Rhine :
Let the third man be down to the end of the line,

I will march where he will, so that freedom be mine ;
But as for restraint I must beg for a truce,
And for every thing further I make my excuse.

SERGEANT.

In truth what you ask is no mighty affair ;
'Tis but little, in conscience, you claim for your share.

FIRST YAGER.

What a coil and a turmoil, in word and in deed,
With that plague of his people—Gustavus the Swede.
His camp was a church and a chapel each tent,
And to it at morning and evening we went ;
To psalms and to prayers round the standard we flew,
By the morning reveille and the evening tattoo ;
And if we but ventured an oath or a jest,
He would preach from the saddle as well as the best.

SERGEANT.

He ruled in religion and godly fear.

FIRST YAGER.

And as for the girls they must fly the camp,
Or straight to the altar both parties must tramp.
This last was too much, and I left him here.

SERGEANT.

The Swede, on this head, now is less severe.

FIRST YAGER.

So I rode where the Leagulist had just sat down,
And opened his trenches 'gainst Magdeburgh town.
Aye, there was a different game to play—
All was jovial, merry, and gay ;
Dice and women, and plenty of wine—
The stakes were deep and the sport was fine :
For the fierce old Tilly knew how to command.
Though he governed himself with an iron hand,
He could blink at our faults, and the soldier could
claim

The license denied to his own old frame ;
And if from the chest he had little to give,
He went by the proverb of live and let live.
But Tilly's fortunes might not stand fast,
And he lost his all on the Leipzick cast ;
All crumbled at once and to pieces fell—
No scheme would answer, no blow would tell ;

Where we came, and where we knocked,
Faces were surly, and doors were locked.
We begged and we wandered the country round,
For the old respect was not to be found;
So to mend my fortunes I marched away
To the Saxon's forces, and touched his pay.

SERGEANT.

You nicked the moment: no doubt you fell
On Bohemia's plunder.

FIRST YAGER.

It went not well;
For their cursed discipline held us tight,
And we dared not demean us as foes outright.
We had castles to guard which we longed to burn.—
With compliments, speeches, at every turn,
The war was a jest, and we played our part
In such childish sport with but half an heart.
In a wholesale fashion we might not deal,
No honour nor profit to win or steal;

And to fly from a life which I liked so ill
I had well nigh returned to the desk and quill,
But the sword still carried it over the pen,
For the Friedlander's levies began just then.

SERGEANT.

And how long here may you look to stay?

FIRST YAGER.

You joke: while the Friedlander holds the sway
For my desertion take you no fear—
Where can the soldier sit better than here?
We have war to deal with in form and soul,
And the cut of greatness throughout the whole;
And the spirit that works in the living form,
Whirls on in its course like the winter storm—
Trooper, like officer, on with the rest.

I too step forward among the best;
I too on the citizen learn to tread,
As the general steps on the prince's head.
Such customs the good old times recall,
When the blade of the soldier was all in all.

There is one transgression : by word or look
To gainsay the word of the Order-Book.
All that is not forbidden, is free—
No man asks of what creed ye be :
All things to the army belong or not,
I with the former have cast my lot—
I to the standard am pledged alone.

SERGEANT.

You please me, Yager ; in sooth your tone
Is that of ourselves, of the Friedlander's own.

FIRST YAGER.

He bears not his staff like some petty sway
Which the Emperor gave and can take away ;
He serves not, he, for the Emperor's gain—
And how has he propped the Emperor's reign ?
And what has he done to protect the land
From the terrible Swede and his Lutheran band ?
No, a soldier kingdom he fain would found ;
Light up and fire the world around,
Measure out and conquer his own domain.

TRUMPETER.

Hush, who would venture so bold a strain ?

FIRST YAGER.

I speak what I think, and I speak it plain—
'Twas the general's saying, that words are free.

SERGEANT.

He stood as he uttered it close to me ;
And added moreover, I call to mind,
“ That deeds are dumb and obedience blind : ”
And these are his spoken words I know.

FIRST YAGER.

I wot not if these were his words or no,
But however he said it the thing is so.

SECOND YAGER.

For him the chances are ever the same ;
Not, as with others, they turn and veer.
The fierce old Tilly outlived his fame ;
But the Friedlander's banner is charmed to fly
To certain triumph and victory—
He has spell-bound fortune to his career.

Those who follow him to fight,
Own the aid of darker might ;
For friends and foes alike will say,
That the Friedlander holds a devil in pay.

SERGEANT.

He is proof; and of that no man can doubt.
I saw him in Lutzen's bloodiest rout,
Where the muskets' cross-fire chiefly swept,
As coolly as on the parade he stepped.
His hat, I saw it, was riddled with shot,
In his boots and buff coat the lead was hot ;
But the hellish salve was so well rubbed in,
That not a bullet might raze the skin.

FIRST YAGER.

What miracles now? who credits such stuff?
He wears a jerkin of elk-skin tough,
Through which no bullet may find its way.

SERGEANT.

Once more 'tis the witches' salve I say,
Cooked up with sigil and sign and spell.

TRUMPETER.

Dark doings these with the fiends of hell.

SERGEANT.

They say that he reads in planet and star
Things to happen both near and far ;
But others believe—and I know they are right—
That a small grey man at the hour of night,
Through the bolted portals is wont to glide,
Has brushed by the sentinel's very side,
Challenged and scream'd to has never replied ;
And something of import was ever near,
When the little grey man has been known to appear.

SECOND YAGER.

He is sold to the devil I doubt indeed,
Which causes the jovial life we lead.

SCENE VII.

The former, a Recruit, Citizen, Dragoon.

RECRUIT.

Father, and uncle, greet from me—

From kith and from kindred a soldier is free.

FIRST YAGER.

A fresh one, look! they bring this way.

CITIZEN.

Franz, thou wilt surely rue this day.

RECRUIT (*sings.*)

Drum roll, and piercing fife,

Sounding afar,

Wake up the world to strife—

Wake it to war:

For our need

Quick arrayed—

Mount the steed,

Gird the blade.

As the wild birds are free

To flit from their spray,

As cheerful are we,

As shifting as they.

The Friedlander's banner for me—Hurra!

SECOND YAGER.

Gay comrade this. Oh, grant him grace.

CITIZEN.

And loose him. He comes of gentle race.

FIRST YAGER.

Neither were we, whom here he meets,
Found in the highway or the streets.

CITIZEN.

I say he has money and means at will;
His clothes and his linen the truth may declare.

TRUMPETER.

The Emperor's cloth is finer still.

CITIZEN.

To a decent stock in trade the heir.

SECOND YAGER.

Each to his choice, for his luck lies there.

CITIZEN.

A stock from his grandmother conveyed.

SECOND YAGER.

Out on the lumber-retailing trade.

CITIZEN.

The gains by a thrifty godsire made—
A vault with twenty wine casks filled.

TRUMPETER.

These with his comrades may be spilled.

CITIZEN.

He leaves a young bride to a widow's woe.

FIRST YAGER.

'Tis the way an iron heart to show.

CITIZEN.

This step is his grandmother's mortal stroke.

SECOND YAGER.

The sooner the seals of her will are broke.

SERGEANT (*advances with gravity, and lays his hand on the helmet of the RECRUIT.*)

A goodly choice my friend has made,
And must the ancient man renew ;
For with the helmet and the blade
He joins him to a worthy crew ;
For him henceforward must ensue
The mind, the spirit of the grand.

FIRST YAGER.

Loose purse-strings and an open hand.

SERGEANT.

He stands in very act to slip
The cable now of fortune's ship ;
The world is in his vision's scope—
Who dares not has no right to hope.
In the selfsame circle of toil and need
The burgher tramps like the dyer's steed ;
But the soldier may start from that beaten way,
To endless honour and wealth may stray.
In the Emperor's service I carry with pride,
With this coat and colours, the cane beside ;
From a stock like this in old times it went,
All rule and order and government.
What the Emperor carries himself is known,
For a corporal's cane to a sceptre grown.
He, who by merit can once attain
The right to brandish the corporal's cane,
Has his foot on the ladder, and who may count
The steps which his fortune then shall mount ?

FIRST YAGER.

Reading and writing understood.

SERGEANT.

There is Butler, for instance : 'tis thirty years good
Since as privates together we stood in line,
At Cologne's city upon the Rhine.

He is general now, and my humble state
Is not so little as his is great.

And the Friedlander's self, whose paramount sway
Princes and generals all obey,
Was a petty nobleman once, like those
Over whose heads in his turn he rose ;—
Rose, inasmuch as his trust he gave
To war's wild goddess, who guides the brave.

On war his greatness has founded its throne,
Which, next to the Emperor's, stands alone.

And who can tell where it may be set ?

(*Mysteriously.*) For his star has not stooped in its
circle yet.

FIRST YAGER.

Yes, Altdorf's college, I know it well—
Of his small beginnings some tales could tell.

To win some notice he was not slow,
For he dealt his servant an ugly blow ;
And the Nuremburgh churls were fain to award
The city jail for his goodly guard.
It was just a newly constructed nest,
And must take its name from its first fair guest.
But his cunning matched them ; he drove before
His favourite dog through the open door—
And it bears to this hour the poodle's name :
From this they might guess at his future fame ;
And of all his mightiest deeds is none
Which tickles me more than this earliest one.

[*The SECOND YAGER has begun a flirtation with the girl who has been waiting on the soldiers.*

DRAGOON (*steps between them.*)

Comrade, leave her and pass your way.

SECOND YAGER.

Your business with me, sir Dragoon, I pray ?

DRAGOON.

This only—that the girl is mine.

SECOND YAGER.

A maiden, like the sun, should shine
For all ; and none may share it alone—
Nothing apart in the camp is known.

DRAGOON (*drags her away.*)

Again I say it, I will not bear
That another lay his finger there.

SECOND YAGER.

He who seeks a quarrel may have it from me.

SERGEANT.

Peace, my masters, a kiss is free.

SCENE VIII.

Enter a band of miners, and play a waltz.—The First Yager dances with the waiting-girl, the Recruit with the Sutler's Wife.—the Girl slips away, the Yager after her, and seizes hold of the Capuchin, who enters at this moment.

CAPUCHIN.

Shout and swear, ye devil's crew—
He is one among ye, and I make two.

Can these be Christians in faith or works ?
Are we Anabaptists, Jews, or Turks ?
Is this a time to feast or play,
For banquet, dance and holiday ?
When the quickest are slow, and the earliest late is,
Quid hic otiosi statis ?
When the furies are loose by the Danube's side,
And the bulwark is low of Bavaria's pride,
And Ratisbon in the enemy's claw,
The soldier still looks to his ravenous maw ;
For, praying or fighting, he eats and swears,
Less for the battle than the bottle he cares ;
Loves better his beak than his blade to whet—
On the ox, not on Oxenstiern, would set.
'Tis a time for mourning, for prayer, and tears—
Sign and wonder in heaven appears ;
Over the firmament is spread
War's wide mantle all bloody red,
And the streaming comet's fiery rod
Betokens the rightful wrath of God.

Whence comes all this?—I now proclaim
That from your sin proceeds your shame :
Sin, like the magnet, draws the steel,
Which in its bowels the land must feel ;
Ruin as close on wrong appears,
As, on the acrid onion, tears.

Who learns his letters this may know,
That violence produces woe,
As in the alphabet you see
How W comes after V.

When the altar and pulpit despised we see,
Ubi erit spes victoriae?

Si offenditur Deus. How can we prevail,
If his house and preachers we assail ?

The woman in the Gospel found
The farthing dropped upon the ground ;
Joseph again his brothers knew—
(Albeit a most unworthy crew ;)
Saul found his father's asses too :

Who in the soldier seeks to find
The Christian's love and humble mind,
And modesty and just restraint,
He in the devil seeks a saint ;
And small reward will crown his hopes,
Though with a hundred lights he gropes.
The Gospel tells how the soldiers ran
In the desert of old to the holy man—
Did penance, were baptized, and prayed.
Quid faciemus nos ? they said ;
Et ait illis—he answers them :
Concutiatis neminem—
No one vex, or spoil, or kill ;
Nec calumniam—speak no ill ;
Contenti estote—learn not to fret
Stipendiis vestris—at what you get.
The Scripture forbids us, in language plain,
To take the holiest name in vain :
But here the law might as well be dumb ;
And if for the thundering oaths which come

From the tip of the blasphemous soldier's tongue,
As for heaven's thunder the bells were rung,
The sacrists would soon be dead.
And if, for each wanton and wicked prayer,
Were plucked from the blasphemous soldier's head,
As a gift for Satan, a single hair,
Each head in the camp would be smooth and bare
Ere the watch was set and the sun was down,
Though at morn it were bushy as Absalom's crown.
A soldier Joshua was like you,
And David tall Goliah slew ;
They laid about them as much and more,
But where do we read that they cursed and swore.
Yet the lips which we open to curse and swear,
Are not opened wider for creed or prayer ;
But that with which the cask we fill,
The same we must draw and the same must spill.
Thou shalt not steal—so the Scriptures tell,
And for this I grant that you keep it well ;

For you carry your plunder, and lift your prey,
With your vulture claws, in the face of day;
Gold from the chest your tricks convey:
The calf in the cow is not safe from you,
You take the egg and the hen thereto.
Contenti estote, the preacher has said—
Be content with your ammunition bread.
But the low and the humble 'twere sin to blame,
From the greatest and highest the evil came;
The limbs are bad, but the head as well:
No one his faith or his creed can tell.

FIRST YAGER.

Sir Priest, the soldier I count fair game;
So, please you, keep clear of the general's name.

CAPUCHIN.

Ne custodias gregem meam!
He is an Ahab and Jerobeam;
God's people to folly he leads astray,
To idols of falsehood he points the way.

TRUMPETER.

Let us not hear that twice, I pray.

CAPUCHIN.

Such a Bramarbas, with iron hand,
Would spoil the high places throughout the land.
We know, though Christian lips are loth
To repeat the words of his godless oath,
How Stralsund's city he vowed to gain,
Though it held to heaven with bolt and chain.

TRUMPETER.

Will no man throttle him, once for all ?

CAPUCHIN.

A wizard, a fiend-invoking Saul—
A Jehu, or he whom Judith slew,
By a woman's hand in his cups who died ;—
Like him who his Master and Lord denied,
Who was deaf to the warning cock that crew—
Like him, when the cock crows, he cannot hear.

FIRST YAGER.

Shaveling liar, thy death is near.

CAPUCHIN.

A fox-like Herod in wiles and lies.

TRUMPETER and YAGERS (*pressing upon him.*)

The lie in his slanderous throat : he dies.

CROATS (*interfering.*)

They shall not harm thee. Discourse thy fill ;

Give us thy sermon, and fear no ill.

CAPUCHIN.

A Nebuchadnezzar in pride and sin,

Heretic, pagan, his heart within ;

While such a Friedland has command,

The country is ever an unfreed land.

[*During this last speech he has been gradually making his retreat. The CROATS, meanwhile, protecting him from the rest.*

SCENE IX.

FIRST YAGER (*to the SERGEANT.*)

What meant the priest, I fain would know,

By the cock which the Duke could not bear to crow ?

I doubt he said it in spite and scorn.

SERGEANT.

But not without truth. For the Duke was born
Of strange construction ; and this is clear,
That his highness at least has a ticklish ear ;
For mewing cats his sense offend,
And the cock when it crows sets his hair on end.

FIRST YAGER.

This in the lion is also found.

SERGEANT.

Still, as the mouse must be all around,
The sentries must look to it round his tent,
For on weightier matters his mind is bent.

VOICES IN THE TENT.

The knave ! the sharper ! beat him ! slay !

PEASANT.

Help ! murder ! pity !

OTHERS.

Stop the fray.

FIRST YAGER.

Blows! they are at it.

SECOND YAGER.

By their leaves

I must be with them.

SUTLER'S WIFE (*coming out.*)

Knaves and thieves!

TRUMPETER.

Hostess, why all this raging zeal?

SUTLER'S WIFE.

The rogue! the cutpurse! born to steal,
Must choose my tent to bring my name,
With all the officers, to shame!

SERGEANT.

What is the case?

SUTLER'S WIFE.

The case I trow!

They seized a countryman but now,
Who fain with loaded dice would play.

TRUMPETER.

Him and his boy they drag this way.

SCENE X.

SOLDIERS (*dragging in the PEASANT.*)

To the Provost! the Provost!

FIRST YAGER.

The wretch must swing.

SERGEANT.

His breath must be stopped by the Provost's string.

'Tis the latest order.

MARKETWOMAN.

Within the hour.

SERGEANT.

Evil traffic brings evil dower.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER (*to the others.*)

This comes from desperation's power:

The ruined man to whom nothing is left,

I hold him invited and led to theft.

TRUMPETER.

The devil hold him in his claws ;
Do you take up the cheating villain's cause ?

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

I deem him a man : of the selfsame clay
As us ourselves.

FIRST YAGER (*to the TRUMPETER.*)

Let them pass their way.

These are of Tiefenbach's corps, and shine
In the glove and habit-making line ;
In garrison at Brieg have lain,
And practised there this canting strain—
And much of war, as this may show,
And of its usages, they know.

SCENE XI.

The former.—CUIRASSIERS.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Why so rough with the peasant there ?

FIRST SHARPSHOOTER.

The villain has cheated with dice unfair.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Have you been cheated?

FIRST SHARPSHOOTER.

And thoroughly too.

CUIRASSIER.

And the Friedlander's soldier, forsooth, are you ?

And can so far lower your dignity

With a slinking peasant your luck to try :

Shame on ye—start him, and let him run.

[PEASANT *escapes.*

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

With him 'tis no sooner said than done ;

The peasant such resolute friend may bless.

He is no Bohemian, if right I guess.

SUTLER'S WIFE.

A Walloon—such as all respect and fear :

In short, a Pappenheim Cuirassier.

FIRST DRAGOON.

Piccolomini leads now their power—
The young—they chose him in gloomy hour,
By their own free choice, on the bloody day
When Pappenheim perished in Lutzen's fray.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Were they so distinguished ?

FIRST DRAGOON.

As all will say—

The first to charge, the last to give way ;
Have rules and tribunals and courts of their own,
And the Friedlander's favour apart and alone.

FIRST CUIRASSIER (*speaking to the Second.*)

Can the news be certain ?—Who brought it here ?

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

The colonel himself : the case is clear.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

We are not their hounds ; but, if this be true,
Little better.

FIRST YAGER.

Your words are full of gall.

SECOND YAGER.

Does the news regard us, or only you?

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Evil tidings for one and all.

[*Soldiers gather round him.*

They would lead us, forsooth, to the Netherland
force—

Mounted sharpshooters and heavy horse:
Eight thousand, at least, must mount, they say.

SUTLER'S WIFE.

What I and my waggon again to stray!
We arrived from Flanders but yesterday.

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

You men of Butler's own dragoons
Make part.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

And foremost, we Walloons.

SUTLER'S WIFE.

Picked squadrons : best of all the band.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

The man from Milan takes command.

FIRST YAGER.

The Infant ! that command is strange.

SECOND YAGER.

The priest ! the devil is loosed to range.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

And we must leave the Friedlander's side,
The soldier's hope and the soldier's pride ;
And, to march with the Spaniard, from hence are
torn—

The wizard, whom all detest and scorn.

I will leave my ranks ere they march for Spain.

TRUMPETER.

The Emperor's order my blood may drain ;
I have sold and would sell it again to him,
But not to a Cardinal hat's red brim.

SECOND YAGER.

On the Friedlander's credit and word alone,
The Emperor's service became our own ;
And but for his sake, be it understood,
The Emperor never had had our blood.

FIRST YAGER.

The Friedlander raised us ; and 'tis our pride
To follow his fortune, and none beside.

SERGEANT.

Listen, and learn from what I say—
With talking and speeches we make small way :
Deeper than any I scan the case,
And under it a snare can trace.

FIRST YAGER.

Silence : he speaks like the order-book.

SERGEANT.

Before into the case we look
A cup of Melnecker, good dame ;
And after I have drank the same
I will expound the point.

SUTLER'S WIFE (*pouring the wine.*)

I vow

I quake at what is coming now.

SERGEANT.

Now look, my masters: 'tis not denied
That each for his own may best provide;
But him the general calls most wise,
Who with a glance the whole descries.
The Friedlander's troops, observe, are we,
And his name through the country leads us free.
The trembling burgher that claim confesses,
And quarters and billets us, cooks our messes;
Through mire and slough, in the baggage train,
The labouring steer and horse must strain,
And the harassed owner may grumble in vain;
O'er village and hamlet, many a day
A corporal's guard may hold the sway.
What follows? The peasant churls detest
The sight of the trooper's yellow vest,

And wish in the devil's deepest den
Both Friedland's duke and his trusty men.
And why with their numbers may they not dare
To sweep the country, and send us there ?
And why can we laugh at the surly crew ?
But because we can count up our numbers too.

FIRST YAGER.

Aye, aye, in numbers resides the spell ;
And the cunning Friedlander knew it well :
When the Emperor's levies were raised before
Some eight years since, or it may be more,
On some twelve thousand they all agreed—
Twelve thousand, he answered, I cannot feed ;
But make them sixty, and then rely
That of hunger not a man shall die :
And 'tis thus we came under his command.

SERGEANT.

To show, that all may understand,
Here are four fingers of my hand :

Now strike we off one and no more,
The least and weakest of the four.—
Is that small finger only maimed ?
No, by my faith, the hand is lamed.
I call these same eight thousand horse
The little finger of our force.
Let them but march—on Pilsen's plains
An useless stump the rest remains ;
The awe, the fear, the respect are o'er,
And the peasant lifts up his crest once more ;
The quarter billet and ration then
Will be doled by the scratch of an office pen :
Again we are beggars ; and if from his side
Those horse shall be taken, the army's pride,
The Duke will soon follow his trusty men.
And who, when the soldier's support and stay
By sneaking civilians is torn away,
Will enforce our contracts, or squeeze our pay ?
And who has the influence ? who, the command ?
The ready wit, and the powerful hand,

To gather and govern and order aright
The scattered masses of Austria's might ?
Let yonder trooper, to make this clear,
Tell us what country has sent him here.

FIRST DRAGOON.

From Ireland I.

SERGEANT (*to the CUIRASSIER.*)

And by his tone

This comrade is for a Lombard known :
A Walloon the other.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

My home to say

Were hard—from the cradle they stole me away.

SERGEANT.

Your birthplace is hardly near at hand ?

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

From Buchau.

SERGEANT.

And you ?

SECOND ARQUEBUSIER.

From Switzerland.

SECOND YAGER.

And I, from Weimar, make up the band.

SERGEANT (*pointing to the TRUMPETER.*)

And we from Egra. And now we know

How we drifted together, like winter snow,

From all the quarters of all the sky

Into one united company;

Against the foe we have formed one mass,

Molten and welded like iron or brass.

Does not the strength of our common will

Work like the wheels of an ordered mill,

Where each strikes in, and where none may decline

To stand by his comrade's word or sign?

But who has forged us so fast and tight

That none can divide us or disunite?

Who but the Duke?

FIRST YAGER.

I never knew,

Till this hour, together how well we grew.

I followed my pleasure, and thought I went free.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

All with the Sergeant must agree.

They would crush the service, and bring the name
Of soldier to contempt and shame,
That they alone may rule and reign :
The object of the plot is plain.

SUTLER'S WIFE.

A plot ? God, help us ! nevermore
A living soul will clear his score.

SERGEANT.

In truth we are bankrupts—one and all :
Colonels and generals strained and pressed
Whole regiments from their private chest,
And toiled that all might be drilled and dressed,
Looked for a blessing ; and now they find
That money and means are left behind,
Without redress, if the head should fall.

SUTLER'S WIFE.

Evil to me the prospect looks—
The entire army are in my books ;

Two hundred dollars I can claim
In Count Isolani's single name.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

What use in talking? my words are few;
There is much to speak of—one thing to do:
United, the army may well defy
The council, the court, and the chancery;
In Bohemia here let it fix its station,
In spite of order and proclamation.
We will not march, and we will not fight—
They stain our honour who take our right.

SECOND YAGER.

Let them them try if they will, and it soon shall be
found
If they still shall lead us the country round.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

One word, my masters—bethink ye still
'Tis the Emperor's order; the Sovereign's will.

TRUMPETER.

I doubt if the Emperor's flock will sit
To be shorn as close as his grace thinks fit.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Peace : this is treason,

TRUMPETER.

As seems to you ;

But treason or not his words are true.

FIRST YAGER.

No doubt : it long has been held and known,

In the camp the Friedlander rules alone.

SERGEANT.

Tis true : the single and absolute might

Are his by condition, and thence by right.

His is the order of war or peace,

To raise the whirlwind or bid it cease ;

His word for pardon or death will hold,

For confiscation of goods or gold ;

To make or unmake us, to sink or lift,

Are his by the Emperor's proper gift.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

We cannot deny that for good or for ill

His means are great to effect his will,

But I hold him the Emperor's servant still.

SERGEANT.

But not like us ; for the Duke's degree
Is independent, single, and free :
Prince of the empire ; good as they
Who at Cologne or Munich hold the sway.
I well remember at Brandeis he wore
His hat the Emperor's presence before.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

For Mecklenburgh he made that claim,
Pledged to him in the Emperor's name.

FIRST YAGER (*to the Sergeant.*)

In the very presence ! it stands confess
A dignity above the best.

SERGEANT.

And if of my word you have doubt, or me,
Your hands may feel, your eyes may see.

[*producing a coin.*

Whose is the image and motto here ?

SUTLER'S WIFE.

The Duke's.

SERGEANT.

You have it: the case is clear.

What prince is better in all the land?
He strikes his money like Ferdinand:
Highness is styled. It follows of course
He can levy and keep a soldier force.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

No one denies him his right to maintain
His own fair force in his own domain;
But still from my duty I cannot swerve—
'Tis the Emperor pays us, and him we serve.

TRUMPETER.

The Emperor pays us!—'tis he I say,
In flat contradiction, who does not pay;
Ten months the men who protect his reign
At his empty exchequer have knocked in vain.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Well, in safe keeping our claims remain.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

It needs not be settled by strife or blow
Whether the Emperor rules us or no.

'Tis because we are his where his orders lead
To danger, hardship, and active deed,
That we will not be driven, and will not be led
By men in the office or cloister bred—
The lawyer's peruke or the monk's shaved head.
Does he not flourish when those whose aid
His realm has guarded, his glory made,
Are thriving with him? Who makes it heard,
Through Christian Europe, his mighty word?
Who fences his kingdom, supports his state,
And makes him and keeps him a potentate?
They may court the yoke, which they love to bear,
Who sit at his board and his bounty share,
And bask in his chambers' golden glare;
They have the splendour,—and we the pain,
Of the march, the fight, and the long campaign.

SECOND YAGER.

All great tyrants, and Cæsars bold,
Were wiser far in times of old;
Theirselves came first, and the soldier next—
All others they harassed, and taxed, and vexed.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

The man whose trade it is to die
Must feel his profession's dignity ;
If not, he had better remain away
From the losing game of the battle fray ;
Or, like the Croat, for paltry hire,
By himself and others despised, expire.

BOTH YAGERS.

Yes, life is light against honour weighed.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

The sword is neither share nor spade—
We were fools to plough with the iron blade.
For us no corn stalk, or golden grain,
Springs, blooms, or ripens ; on earth's wide plain
We must flit, and look for an home in vain.
The soldier checks not his restless flight,
To gaze on his own hearth's ruddy light ;
The city is thronged, and the streets are gay—
On marches the column, he must not stay ;
In the village meadows he must not share
With the cattle the verdure and freshness there ;

On vintage and harvest, with longing eye,
From far he gazes and wanders by.
What has the soldier to call his own,
If it lie not in self-esteem alone ?
If that be denied him, in wrath he turns
On others, and murders, and robs, and burns.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

God knows it a life of misery.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Yet not to another beneath the sky
Would I turn from the soldier's life to fly.
Now, mark : through the world I have wandered wide,
Much by experience have proved and tried ;
Have served St. Mark's republican reign,
And the crowns of Naples and kingly Spain ;
Sought fortune far, though I sought in vain,
The church and the law have alike surveyed—
The statesmen, the monk, and the sons of trade ;
There is not among them, if choice were free,
Robe, cowl, or doublet would sit on me
Like the iron jerkin which here you see.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

In faith, with that I can hardly agree.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Would we follow a chase, we must be content
Through toil and through danger to track the scent :
Who seeks for title, and rank, and state,
Must bow down his neck to their golden weight :
Who seeks to pass through his life possessing
His children's love and his parents' blessing,
In peace and honour some trade may ply ;—
Not so minded, in sooth, am I.
Free would I wander and live and die—
No man's spoiler and no man's heir ;
And with reckless glance, and with spirits gay,
From the back of my charger the world survey.

FIRST YAGER.

My thoughts and feelings were spoken there.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Doubtless 'tis sport for him who treads,
In his ruthless course, upon others' heads.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Comrade, the times are hard—the blade
Is light when in the balance weighed ;
But on my choice be none severe,
If to the blade I still adhere ;
That sword may show mercy to suffering man,
Brook wrong or insult it never can.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Who but the soldier, I fain would know,
Is the cause of the labourer's want and woe ?
And the hateful war which for years sixteen
The people's plague and scourge has been.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Brother, the power who rules above
All cannot worship with equal love ;
Some for the shade, and some for sunshine cry—
This field wants rain, its neighbour fain were dry.
The light of my life and its joys are placed
Where you see nothing but want and waste.
Burgher and peasant, alas ! must groan—

Not without pity I hear their moan.
But the case is the same when the charge is blown ;
The wild steed snorts, we are off, and woe
To all in our path, be they friend or foe :
The son of my body, my brother may lie,
And groan in his trampled agony ;
Yet over his body condemned to ride,
I may neither falter nor turn aside.

FIRST YAGER.

Who stops to mark where the hoof-print treads ?

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

And since for once kind fortune sheds
Her smile and favour on our heads,
With both hands let us hold her fast—
Our day of license will not last ;
The stealthy night draws on, when peace
Shall bid our good vocation cease.
The soldier unbridles, the peasant puts too,
Ere we think it, the dismal old time we renew :

But now in the country together we stand,
With the belted broadsword, and the hilt in our hand;
And if for an instant we cease to unite,
The loaf will be hung out of reach and of sight.

FIRST YAGER.

We will not: let some act be done
By which we all may stand as one.

SECOND YAGER.

A present compact let us make.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER (*drawing out his purse.*)
My reckoning, hostess, tell and take.

SUTLER'S WIFE.

Oh! scarcely worth the pains to tell.

TRUMPETER.

You leave us, Comrade! faith 'tis well
You give our company the slip—
You do but spoil our fellowship.

SECOND YAGER.

Now, let us ponder, and digest
What means to thwart their plan are best.

TRUMPETER.

Reject the order.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

I opine

Against all breach of discipline ;
 Each to his regiment and his place
 Calm and discreetly state the case—
 That by all it be seen and understood
 That so long a journey might bring no good ;
 For my Walloons, I now make free
 To say each Trooper thinks with me.

SERGEANT.

The regiments all of Terschka's force
 Will join the compact, foot and horse.

SECOND CUIRASSIER (*joins the First.*)

His comrade's fate the Walloon will share.

FIRST YAGER.

The Yager lives but on freedom's air.

SECOND YAGER.

Liberty dwells with strength alone—
 Wallenstein's fate I make my own.



FIRST SHARPSHOOTER.

Lorraine will swim where the tide is strong ;
With the brave and lighthearted he floats along.

TYROLESE SHARPSHOOTER.

Our feudal lords lead us to war.

DRAGOON.

And Ireland follows fortune's star.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Then let each regiment prepare
A Pro Memoriâ, copied fair,
By Friedland's Duke, that all abide—
That fraud or force shall not divide
The children from the father's side.
This with devotion we commend
To Piccolomini, known our friend—
The younger—versed in such affairs.
Of Friedland's favour much he shares ;
And holds a goodly card to play
E'en with the Emperor, as they say.

SECOND YAGER.

'Tis settled : on him the lot shall fall—
Piccolomini speaks for all.

ALL (*departing.*)

Piccolomini speaks for all.

SERGEANT.

One toast, before we part, I claim.—

Luck to Piccolomini's name. [Drinks.]

SUTLER'S WIFE (*brings out a bottle.*)

No notch for this : 'tis a gift ; and you
Good execution on this must do.

CUIRASSIERS.

The service shall live.

YAGERS.

And the state shall give.

DRAGOON, &c.

The army shall flourish.

TRUMPETER and SERGEANT.

And own the sway

Of the Friedlander's truncheon for ever and aye,

SECOND CUIRASSIER (*sings.*)

Up, comrades, up! to horse, to horse!

To freedom and the field!

'Tis there that manhood knows its force,

The heart is there revealed;

'Tis there, on no other, the brave may rely—

He must fight for himself, by himself he must die.

[*Soldiers from the back ground join in and make the chorus.*

CHORUS.

'Tis there, &c.

DRAGOON.

Fair freedom yields the wide world's reign,

And slaves and masters share it;

And craft and falsehood forge the chain

For those who choose to wear it;

But the soldier the term of his sorrows can brave,

And look death in the face.—Who shall call him a slave?

FIRST YAGER.

The cares of life he flings away,

Its doubt, its fear, its sorrow;

He beards his fate:—if missed to-day,

Is hit perchance to-morrow.

Are we marked for the morrow? Time's goblet runs low—

Let us drain the last exquisite drop ere we go.

[*The glasses are filled again, and all drink.*

SERGEANT.

From heaven his lot derives its birth,
 By no long toil extorted,
Which still for treasure digs the earth,
 By stones and rubbish thwarted.—
It digs and it shovels, and fashions with pain
The grave which its maker's own dust shall contain.

FIRST YAGER.

Mid festal lamps, a fearful guest
 The trembling bridegroom counts him,
Who thundering comes where none request,
 The steed and he who mounts him.
His suit is not settled by parchment or form—
He wins not by parley, who woos but by storm.

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

Why pales the cheek, why drops the tear?
 Oh, see him part more coolly!
He has no lasting quarters here—
 How can the brave love truly?
His fate drives him onward, and how can the mind
Be left with its loves and affections behind?

FIRST YAGER.

[*Joins hands with the two next—the rest do the same, and form an half-circle.*

Up, comrades! bridle and away,
 With breasts for battle panting!

Youth boils, and fresh life flings its spray—
Up, ere that life be wanting!
Who would share it must stake it, and none who refuse
The hazard shall gain it—who stakes it may lose!

R E S I G N A T I O N.

FROM SCHILLER.

I too was born Arcadia's happy child,
And nature on my infant years,
In pledge of many a future blessing, smiled :
I too was born Arcadia's happy child,
Yet my short spring has left me nought but tears.

The May of life but once for man may bloom ;
For me its bloom is o'er :
Weep, brethren, weep ! the deity of gloom
Inverts the torch he ne'er will re-illumine—
The vision smiles no more.

Thy aid, enfolded in thy awful veil,
Dark Arbitress, I claim !
Of thee they told me once a pious tale,
That judgment trembled in thy balanced scale—
That Retribution was thy awful name !

E'en now the arch that spans thy gloomy reign,
Eternity, I press !
Take back the pledge of bliss bestowed in vain,
Take the false record unredeemed again—
I know no happiness !

They told how pain awaits the evil there,
And joys the virtuous few—
That thou wouldest lay the evil bosom bare,
The wondrous riddle of my life declare,
And clear th' account to long endurance due.

There, as they told, the wanderer's couch was spread—

There closed the sufferer's thorny path of pain :
A goddess child, whose name was Truth, they said,
Whom few embraced, from whom the many fled,

Hung on my rapid course, and checked the rein.

“ I will repay thee in a future state,

“ Give me thy youth in this :

“ I can but pledge the payment—sure, though late.”

I took the pledge, signed for a future state,

And gave her all my youth and all its bliss.

“ Give me thine own ! the loved one of thy heart !

“ Thy Laura give ! thy bride !

“ With interest after death I pay the smart.”

I tore her bleeding from my wounded heart,

And wept aloud and gave her from my side.

“ Thy bond must be exacted from the dead,”
Thus scoffed the world at me;
“ And she to whom thy substance now is fled,
“ False one, has given a shadow in its stead—
“ Its term expires, when thou hast ceased to be.”

Taunting, they told me, that my bliss was sold
For dreams, which old prescription’s right defends.
What can those agents, who, as fables old
Pretend, creation’s tottering frame uphold,
Whom man’s invention to his misery lends?

They talked of future, by the tomb conceal’d—
Eternity, thy empty boast and pride.
What are they? Honoured, awful, till revealed—
Fear’s giant spectres, in the concave field
Of thy false mirror, conscience, magnified.

“ A mummy form emerging from the tomb,
“ To cheat mankind and lie ;
“ By hope’s balsamic juice through years of gloom
“ Preserved, it leaves its proper catacomb,
“ And madmen call it Immortality.

“ For hopes, which cold corruption stamps for lies,
Thou gav’st thy tried and certain happiness ;
“ None from the grave have yet been known to rise—
“ Six thousand years have passed, and death denies
“ All tidings of the gloomy Arbitress.”

To other regions time slow winged his way,
And nature’s form, which bloomed so bright before,
Behind his path, a corpse, all blasted lay ;
Yet from the grave none rose to upper day—
I still believed the oath the goddess swore.

“ To thee my joys I sacrificed and slayed,

“ And, goddess, cast me now before thy throne.

“ With scorn the taunting many’s scorn I paid ;

“ Thy gifts alone against the world I weighed,

“ And kneel before thee now to ask my own.

“ My love proclaims each child of earth my friend,”

A viewless Deity exclaimed ;

“ Two flowers—my children, listen and attend—

“ Two flowers reward each mortal aid and end,

“ Hope and Enjoyment named.

“ He who has plucked the one needs not to gain,

“ And may not strive to pluck, the sister flower :

“ Taste he who trusts not ; 'tis an ancient strain,

“ Old as the world, let him who trusts refrain—

“ The world’s records confirm the maxim’s power.

“ Hope has been thine: thy bliss is won and worn—

“ Thy Faith thy blessing—thy Belief thy lot.

“ Ask all the wisest men of women born—

“ What from the passing moment has been torn

“ Eternity refunds it not.”

ON

THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF MULLER.

My task is done, my song has ceased, my theme
Has died into an echo.

CHILDE HAROLD.

SEVEN-and-thirty funeral shots! for whom? I fain would know.
Are they seven-and-thirty fields in which he met and smote the foe?
Are they seven-and-thirty wounds which on his breast the hero bears?
Name me the mighty dead whose loss his country's grief declares.

It speaks no wounds, no victories, that thunder's sullen roar,
Which from Missolunghi's ramparts high rolls deepening to the
shore,

And which, like a dungeon's echo, summons up to life again
The heart which sorrow's tidings had benumb'd with fear and pain.

Seven-and-thirty years—'tis this those number'd thunders say—
Byron, Byron ! thine the years of life which Hellas weeps to-day.
Are they years that thou hast lived and pass'd ? No, those no tear
shall claim,

For they live, and shall for ever, in the quenchless light of fame ;
No ! I weep the years through which your course was fated not to run,
The years of all the glory which for Greece you fain had won.
Such years, such months, such days to me those funeral sounds recal.
Alas ! what strains, what conflicts, what wounds, and what a fall !

A fall, in victory's thrilling hour, in storm'd Byzantium's town,
Thy head with freedom's wreath entwined, thy feet upon a crown !

Noble warrior, thou wert worthy of the cause so nobly fought,
In which 'twas thine to battle with the two-edged sword of thought ;
With the iron tongue of song, whose clang can pierce the polar clime,
Can sound where'er the sun describes his march of light and time.
Thou hast battled with the tiger's rage, the tyrant's frantic mood,
Thou hast battled in Lernean swamps with all the snaky brood,
Which, coil'd in blind corruption's nest, so fiercely loathes the day,
That it scatters gall and poison round whene'er it feels a ray.

Thou hast battled that the world at large might live on freedom's
breath,

And for Greece's infant freedom like a hero courting death.

With prescient glance thou sawest her oft upon the mountain stand,
While vales below still groaned beneath the tyrant's iron hand.

Thou heard'st the rustling laurels sound, approaching victories thrill
And battles premature delight e'en then thy breast could fill.

And when the fated hour drew near, so long before descried,
You shrunk not and you quailed not; as the bridegroom to his bride
You flew into the arms of Greece wide opened to receive.

“ Is Tyrtæus then restored to me? may Hellas cease to grieve?

“ Though the kings of all the earth look down in surly wrath on me,

“ Though their minions mock, their priests insult, my struggles to
be free;

“ A Poet's warrior flag I see far streaming o'er the deep,

“ Around his gallant vessel's sides a thousand dolphins leap;

“ The waves before his keel seem proud their glittering spray to
fling,

“ Against the mast the bard reclines, and sweeps the golden string.

“ Freedom sings he from the lofty deck, and Freedom we reply;

“ Freedom burns upon his glowing cheek, and blazes from his eye.

“ Welcome, hero of the lyre! welcome, hero of the lance!
“ Arise, Tyrtæus, rise, and bid my warrior sons advance!”

From the vessel's side descending, light he bounded to the land,
And press'd his lips in silence to the smooth shore's yielding sand.
As mute as though alone he trod, he passed the shouting throng,
Which, downward to the ocean's verge, to meet him roll'd along.

Ah! I saw the dark death-angel's form upon our rampart stand,
With dank wing overshadowing him, e'en as he kiss'd the strand;
But the hero trembled not to see the summoner so near—
Face to face he gazed upon him—“ Seek'st thou me? Behold me
here!

“ One fight, 'tis all I ask of thee, but one victorious fight
“ For Greece's infant freedom won, and into thy long night
“ I pursue, without an instant's pause, pale friend, thy solemn sign—
“ I have wept and laugh'd life's drama through—without a sigh am
thine.”

Coward death! thou foul assassin, for his prayer thou hast not
stayed,
Thou hast mutely crept behind him as he stoop'd to whet his blade;

Thou hast breathed a breath around his head with fell corruption rife,
And from his breast, with vampyre lips, hast suck'd the flame of life.

Thus is the hero fallen, without crash, without a stroke,
And faded ere his season, like a winter-blighted oak ;
Or, as when the worms that crawl to life in one short sultry hour,
Have doom'd the forest monarch to the death that fits a flower.
Thus is the hero fallen ere his youth had reach'd its date,
Girt for his newly chosen race e'en at the barrier's gate ;
While his eye the course was measuring, while yet the goal was
seen

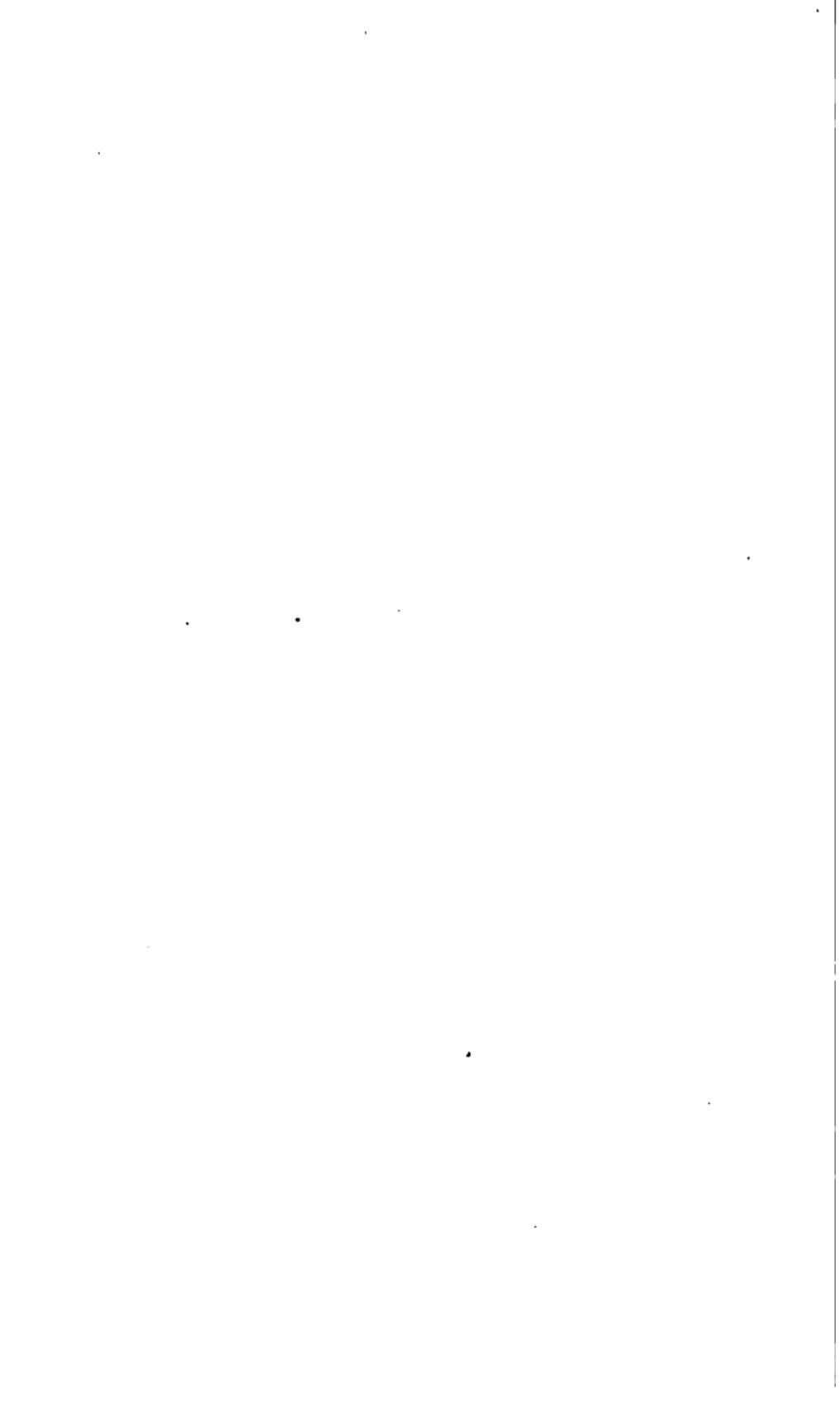
To greet his ardent vision with its wreath of deathless green.
Ah ! though he could not grasp it, lay it on his pallid brow.
Death, thou canst never snatch it thence. Where is thy triumph
now ?

Thou hast but given it sooner, and without the risk to fail,
And the laurel grows the greener, where the brow it twines is pale.

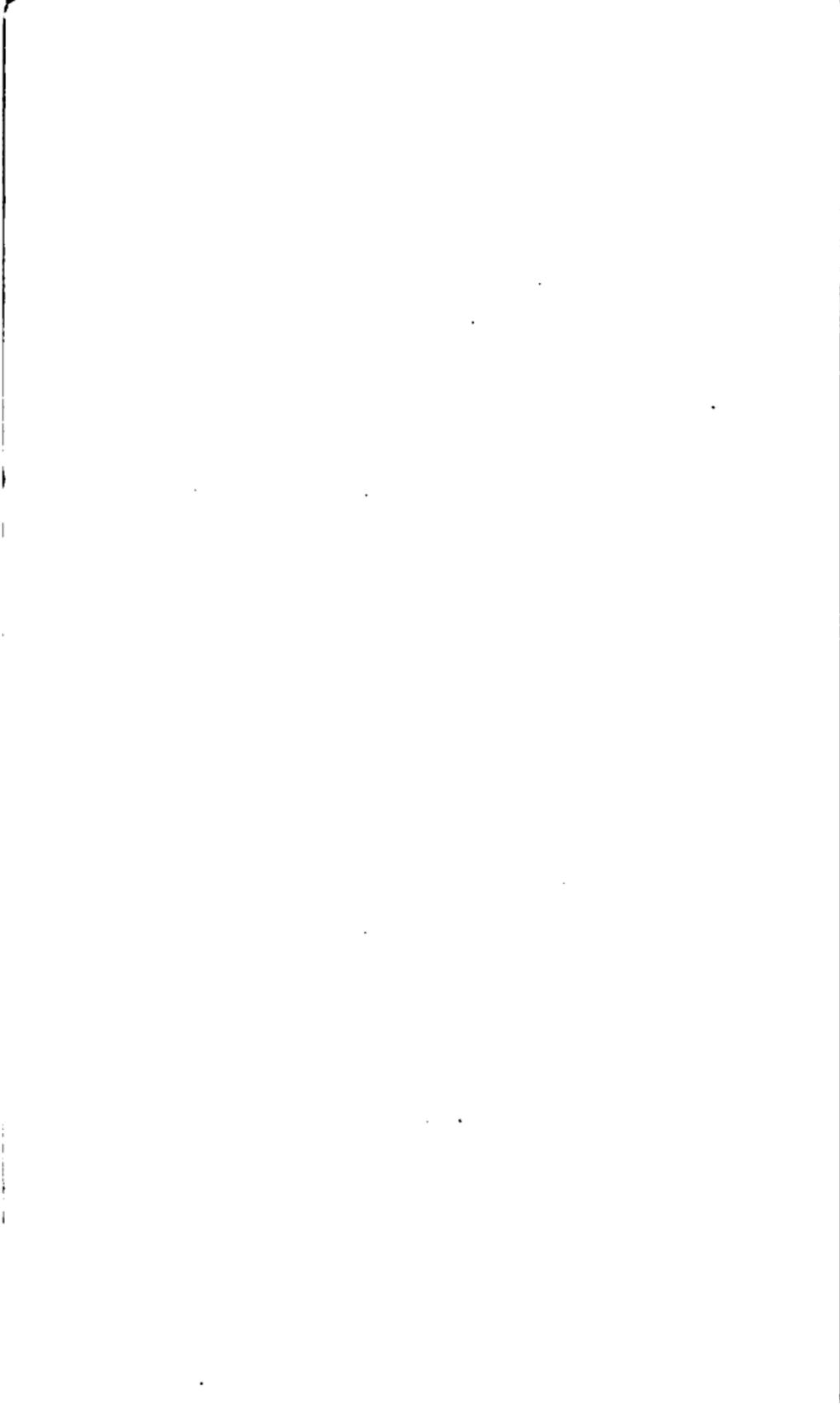
Seven-and-thirty funeral shots, thunder, thunder through the
world,
And toss them o'er your wastes, ye waves, on all your billows hurl'd.

To the native land that rear'd him, bear the sound o'er ocean's bed—
Though she banish'd forth the living, let her still lament the dead;
All the wrongs that she has done to us in counsel or in deed,
To wipe them from our memory for Byron was decreed.
O'er his bier the hand of friendship to his country we extend—
Land of the free accept it, be our refuge and our friend!





ORIGINAL POEMS.



THE WHITE LADY.

OUR troops went forth on Sarfeldt's morn,
Beneath their monarch's eye,
And merrily peal'd the yager's horn
As the guard was marching by.

And first and last the howitzers past,
And the battery's iron train,
And all to throw the desperate cast
Upon Jena's fated plain.

The march they play'd was sweet to hear,
The sight was fair to see ;
It smooth'd our Frederic's brow austere,
And Blucher smiled with glee.

That sight was fair to all but those
Who own'd prophetic fears ;
And sweet that martial strain arose
To all but gifted ears.

And was there none in dream or trance
Could follow the column's way,
And with the vulture's prescient glance
The death-doom'd troops survey ?

Yes, close at hand she had taken her stand,
I saw and I mark'd her well ;
'Twas she who wanders through the land,
Whose name I fear to tell.

They saw not her form, nor her visage of grief—

It was not that their sight was dim;

But fix'd on his troops were the eyes of their chief,

And their glances were fix'd on him.

But I knew her at once by the long lank hair,

And the garments as white as snow;

And she linger'd there in her still despair,

And scowl'd on the troops below.

I knew her at once for a lady who wends,

Impell'd by the curse divine,

And who wanders abroad when woe impends

Upon Prussia's regal line.

I have kept the night-watch, where she chiefly is said

To roam by the ruinous stair;

I should not have trembled, I should not have fled,

For I could have faced her there.

For I fear'd not the sight of the lady in white
By the moonlight's spectral ray,
In the hall of our kings, at the hour of night ;
But I shrunk from the vision by day.

Yet I thought what the fortunes of Prussia decreed
By questioning her to know,
So right to that lady I spurr'd my steed,
Till no nearer he would go.

For he rear'd at the sight of the lady in white,
And he stopp'd in his full career.
She spoke, and her words, when I heard them aright,
They curdled my blood for fear.

“ Now trouble me not—I list to the shot—
“ On Sarfeldt I see the dead ;
“ Disturb me no more—I weep for your lot !”
Was all that the lady said.

She strided away, and I could not tell where,
For a shuddering seized my frame;
And whither she vanish'd I cannot declare,
And as little know whence she came.

But at Sarfeldt's fight, since the morning light,
The Frenchmen had fired well,
And the lady had spoken the moment aright
When Louis of Prussia fell.

THE MILL,
A MORAVIAN TALE,

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

PART I.

How idly by yon ruin'd mill,
A silent stream, a voiceless rill,
The scanty currents steal ;
And yet those broad embankments show
What weight of waves once dash'd below,
To turn its shatter'd wheel.
Conducted by the hand of man,
Blue, dark, and deep, of old they ran.

What envious chance their course has led
Back to their useless native bed ?
And why, too, moulders to decay
Yon arch, where wandering lichens stray,
Through which the waters seem
In pride to bear their own away,
And claim their borrow'd stream ?
Is it for bard or painter's eyes,
That here romantic Nature tries
To spurn at Art's restraint,
Inviting me to moralize,
Or Hobbima to paint ?

Yes ; paint it in the sun's broad beam,
Come here to moralize by day,
But shun to muse beside that stream,
Or paint it in the moon's pale ray.
Yes ; dark and swift those waters glide,
Below the pool is still.
No stream can wash, no depth can hide,
The guilt that mingles with the tide,

That laves the haunted mill.
Time was when yonder wheel went round,
With mirth and music in its sound,
To wealth and beauty's ear;
For scarcely Olmutz' walls contain'd
A wealthier man than him who reign'd
Lord and possessor here;
And not Moravia's circle wide
Could show the rival fair who vied
With Ebba's charms. How oft he smiled
Complacent on that only child;
Bade some assenting neighbour trace
Her mother's beauty in that face;
Told how that dark Sclavonic eye
Recall'd his wife to memory,
And how the heiress of the charms,
Which once had bless'd his youthful arms,
Should be, when he too was no more,
The heiress of his worldly store.

They say that spirits haunt the gloom
Of that deserted roofless room—
They say that spirits make their moan
At midnight round the old hearth-stone,
Where once the father and his child
The length of wintry nights beguiled.
I can believe the sinful dead
May haunt it now, but they had fled
From Ebba's voice of old, when there
She raised the hymn of evening prayer.

They were a goodly sight, the sire
And that fair child, when round the fire
The circle closed; but oft was found
A third in that domestic round,
And oft in that affecting rite
Another voice was raised—
Another by that ruddy light
On Ebba's beauty gazed.

The tokens of successful war,
The ribbon'd medal and the scar,
Proclaim'd that guest for one of those
Who face, for pay, their country's foes.
And in that belt so trimly hung
The cap from which the horsehair swung,
And close green vest of gloomiest hue,
Experienced eyes the Hulan knew.

Hearts oft obey the eye ; and these,
I doubt not, Ebba's eye could please.
Yet Ebba's was no heart to gain
By tinsel show and trappings vain.
But men there are by nature bred
Others to lead, by none be led :
Where'er their lot is fix'd, to rule,
Senate or club, or realm or school ;
Wherever chance appoints their post,
First of a squadron or a host.

To strength, which best can give redress,
Defenceless woe complains :
And woman's weakness clings no less
To that which best sustains.
And sweet to woman's ear the praise
Of that stern voice which man obeys.
That voice most loud in danger's hour
Has whispers of prevailing power ;
And Conrad's accents Ebba knew
Most powerful when he stoop'd to sue.

Into that home, some service done
For Ebba, first his entrance won :
A comrade in the neighbouring town
Made sober by his voice or frown,
And Ebba saved from insult rude,
Return'd him more than gratitude.

Releas'd from duty and parade,
Still to the mill his footsteps stray'd,

Nor Ebba only watch'd to hear
Those footsteps fall, the sound was dear
To Ebba's sire ; for none so well
As Conrad of those scenes could tell,
Which form the soldier's stormy life,
Like his, the scenes of martial strife.

'Twere strange if Conrad had not sigh'd,
Or she such influence quite defied.
In two short months so well he sped,
That many a jealous rival fled,
And neighbours ask'd how that strange guest
Such power o'er child and sire possess'd ?

“ 'Twas strange, an officer indeed
“ Might claim to sue and to succeed ;
“ But he to boast such power to charm !
“ The corporal's mark upon his arm !
“ Why he, the lord of half the land,
“ Had almost sued for Ebba's hand :

“ Sprung of the ancient Dummkopf race,
“ The Baron who so loved the chace.
“ He met with Conrad there one night
“ And broke his meerschaum out of spite ;
“ And Ebba, when she heard it, said,
“ She wish'd that it had been his head.”

Such was their talk. But slander's din
No answering echo found within ;
The voice of calumny o'erstrain'd
For Conrad's cause fresh influence gain'd.
And when his blushing child betray'd
Her weakness and her love, and pray'd,
As duteous daughters often pray
In the first act of some new play,
She almost moved the old man's heart
Of act the fifth to play the part,
Last scene, when stubborn sires relent,
Bestow their blessing and consent.

But, ere that scene the old man closed,
Some obstacle he interposed.
'Twas this : let Conrad but obtain
Discharge, and then his path was plain :
He ask'd no dowry for the bride,
His heiress could for both provide :
He ask'd not birth in one he knew
Removed above the vulgar crew ;
But while his aged limbs had life,
His Ebba was no soldier's wife.
Poor Ebba droop'd, but Conrad cried,
" Thanks for that word, I claim my bride :
" This paper makes my bliss secure,
" My pension and retreat are sure.
" Read and believe ; no more I roam,
" And Ebba leaves nor sire, nor home."
'Twas true. The sire consenting smil'd,
And bless'd her, his affianced child.

They form an awful line in life,
Those words which couple man and wife.

Novel and drama seem agreed,
Though I for one dispute their creed,
Man's happiest hours those words precede.
The happiness that goes before
Is sure at least; the other, more
Or less perhaps in its degree,
As chance decides. 'Tis more for me:
At least, towards that misty shore
And doubtful harbour, hope ne'er bore
A happier pair upon its tide
Than Conrad and his promised bride.

Cold Austrian forms, with slow delay,
Deferr'd awhile the wished-for day.
It came at last. At earliest dawn
Conrad had heard the courier's horn;
Snatch'd from his grasp with eager haste
The expected scroll, with joy had traced
The lines confirming his retreat,
And rush'd the morrow's bride to meet.

Sure in that spot of hallow'd ground,
By many a meeting known,
With shadowing alders fenced around,
And flowers of spring o'ergrown,
His bride, his Ebba, would be found,
Expecting and alone.

No Ebba there to greet his view—
No sign of footsteps on the dew—
No trace upon the shore—
Is it a dream?—departed, fled,
Buried or drown'd, alive or dead,
His bride was seen no more.

All search on earth was vain. In Heaven
We trust to that old man 'twas given,
To clasp his child again;
For fast his mortal frame decay'd,
And death in mercy soon allay'd
The fire in heart and brain.

And Conrad—him at close of day
By force his comrades dragg'd away

From that vain search. When morn came round,
He by the mill again was found ;
And statue-like with fixed eye
Gazed on the waters hurrying by.
The fragments of the scroll, which bore
The wish'd dismission from his corps,
Down the swift stream were floating white ;
He sat and track'd them out of sight ;
Then rose, and sped with hasty stride
Back to his quarters, to his side
The sabre girt, his gallant steed . . .
Resumed the task to train and feed :
And in his station, half dismay'd,
His comrades saw him at parade.

PART II.

IN far Moravia's farthest lands
Lie quarter'd the Hulans' scatter'd bands.
The adjutant sits in the lonely room
 Of the solitary inn.
He sits and writes in gloom
 By the wintry tempest's din.
“ Now send me the trusty man who rides
 “ On the right of his company,
“ I need him when matter of weight betides,
 “ Send Conrad hither to me.”

Soon to that summons Conrad came ;
Like some dark portrait from its frame
More than a form of flesh and blood,
Erect and motionless he stood.

It seem'd as if the blasting stroke,
Which on his youthful fortunes broke,
The toils of many a fierce campaign,
And ten long years of wasting pain,
In powerless rage had scored the brow,
Which all their influence could not bow.

“ Now spare not the spur, for this letter has need
“ Of a trusty rider and active steed ;
“ ’Tis for this I have chosen thy steed and thee,
“ He was bred and was broken in Hungary ;
“ Such steed and such rider will carry aright
“ This letter to Olmutz ere morning’s light.
“ But the night is stormy, and much I doubt,
“ The ford is swollen, the waters are out ;
“ Who rides to Olmutz to-night must go
“ By the bridge and the mill, where the dark waters
 flow.”

O’er the tall Hulan’s iron frame
A momentary shuddering came,

As when some firmly founded tower
Shakes to the heaving earthquake's power.

“ And will not morning serve the need ?
“ Up-rooted pines the path impede,
“ Collected snows my course will urge
“ Close to the unfenced torrent’s verge,
“ And could I cross unharmed the hill,
“ I cannot, dare not pass the mill.”

Reply unlook’d for to command,
From warlike lips, acts like the brand,
Which fires the mine’s quiescent train :
Out broke the soldier’s fierce disdain :—
Enough ; not even Conrad met
Untamed that flow of oath or threat ;
Menace of death he knew to face,
But turn’d and blench’d from sure disgrace.
A coward called, he heard that sound
But once, then wildly glared around,

With one instinctive grasp his blade
He clasp'd, relax'd it, and obey'd.

The adjutant sits in the lonely room
Of the solitary inn,
But he cannot slumber in its gloom,
For the tempest's furious din.
He thinks on the word he gave,
And the Hulan's strange reply,
And he wonders how one so brave
Who had never fear'd to die,
Who at Aspern rode on his squadron's right,
Should tremble to ride on a stormy night,
Should pray like a woman to wait till morn ;
And the grim old adjutant laugh'd in scorn.

Is it a sound of mortal strain
Which breaks on his listening ear,
Or the yell of the sable huntsman's train,
Who follow the skeleton deer ?

'Tis the scream of mortal pain,
Or of agonizing fear ;
And it echoes again, again,
And the terrible sounds draw near.
Less shrill is the midnight blast,
As it sweeps o'er flood and fell,
And the charger's foot-tramps fall less fast
Than that oft-repeated yell.
Can the voice which whisper'd love of old
With such prevailing power,
Which rallied the flying, and led the bold,
In danger's bloodiest hour—
Can it sound like the harrowing scream
Of the wretch who fears to die,
When he wakes from his dismal dream
And the scaffold meets his eye ?
'Tis Conrad.—Steed and rider sink,
Exhausted on the threshold's brink,
“ She follows me pale from her watery grave
“ From her strangling fingers, oh ! save me ! save !

“ She clings, she chokes me, she thrills my brain
“ With the scream which she gave in her perishing
 pain.”

Thus raved he, till exhaustion’s sleep
Closed o’er his senses, dull and deep.
‘Tis morn. By curious interest led,
His comrades close around his bed ;
With fingers on that clay-cold hand,
The surgeon takes his silent stand ;
And from the neighbouring convent there
The old Carthusian kneels in prayer.
He wakes—and draws that hand away,
Whose pulses speak of life’s decay.
“ These scars attest thy practised skill,
“ When it prolong’d an unblest life,
“ And saved me from severer ill ;
“ Thou know’st I shrunk not from the knife.
“ But mine are wounds which not thy steel
“ Nor hostile swords can give or heal.”

He call'd the old Carthusian near—
“ Father, 'tis thine a tale to hear,
“ Such tale as since its earliest time
“ Thy dark confessional ne'er heard,
“ Since kneeling there repentant crime
“ First pour'd the sob and whisper'd word.
“ Body and soul at once to save
“ Alike from hope and fear,
“ In hope of grace beyond the grave,
“ In dread of judgment here;
“ Secret and low to thee alone
“ Is pour'd the penitential groan;
“ No hope above, no fear below,
“ Impede my tale, which all may know.”

Calm and distinct that tale began,
E'en from his youth the story ran ;
And when with trembling voice he came
To her, to Ebba's sainted name—

On those young hours of sunny light,
So soon involved in horror's night,
His course awhile he seem'd to stay,
Like Satan lingering to survey
The paradise of love and joy
It was his mission to destroy :
Awhile his vampire wing delaying,
A moment from his purpose straying.
Awhile by memory thus subdued,
The dark narration he pursued :—

“ That morn I sought the appointed spot,
“ I said that Ebba met me not;
“ 'Twas false, I found her there; not I,
“ The fiend within me forged the lie;
“ That fiend which since our race begun
“ Has haunted us from sire to son.
“ In bridal pomp her neck was bound
“ With pearls in many a goodly round.

“ Then woke the fiend’s resistless charm,
“ With strength from hell he nerved my arm
“ To tear those glistening rows away,
“ And I was spell-bound to obey.
“ She shriek’d—I struck—with blow on blow,
“ Urged by the fiend; I laid her low.
“ The demon pointed to the stream.
“ I bore her, dragg’d her there; one scream,
“ Unheard by all but me, she gave,
“ And sunk, and sleeps beneath the wave.
“ Father, for many a lingering year
“ That ceaseless scream has thrill’d my ear;
“ The tumult of the bustling camp,
“ The charging squadrons’ hurrying tramp,
“ The batteries’ roar, the trumpet’s knell,
“ The volley and the exploding shell—
“ I heard them not, that dreadful call
“ Still piercing through, above them all.—
“ Father, beyond the Mill there stands,

“ Blasted and sear’d like me,
“ Made branchless by the lightning’s brands,
 “ A solitary tree.
“ ’Twas by the forked lightning’s glare,
“ I dug my place of treasure there
“ To hold those precious pearls, the whole
“ Vast price for which I gave my soul,
“ Witness and wages of the deed
“ For which this forfeit life must bleed.
“ My days are numbered: well I know
“ I soon must die the rabble’s show;
“ But if a thousand years were flown
“ Before the scaffold claim’d its own,
“ The fearful night but now gone by
“ Could never fade from memory’s eye;
“ Their long oblivion could not hide
“ The horrors of that ghastly ride.

“ She rose, she sprung: look, father, here,
 “ See how the fingers of the dead

“ The flesh of living man can sear.”

He slowly raised his languid head,
And round the sinewy neck 'twas plain
Some strangling pressure's sable stain;
It served with surer aim to guide
The headsman's stroke by which he died.

No more : beyond yon distant pines
Too fast the autumnal sun declines,
When evening's shades have closed around
Let those remain who will,
Not mine to trespass on the ground
Where spectral sounds and sights abound.

Adieu ! thou haunted Mill.

TO THE DRACHENFELS.

WRITTEN ON LEAVING COLOGNE IN 1826.

FAREWELL, proud cliff!—from Cologne's Gothic door
Slowly emerging o'er her boundless plain,
Or, bounded but by thee, my eyes once more
To catch one parting glimpse of thee I strain.
It may be long ere thou and I again
Shall be acquainted ; if there be a spell
In fancy's store, if memory hold her reign,
On thee in all its power that charm shall dwell—
Lord of seven subject hills, high Drachenfels, farewell !

Not that a mightier master of the rhyme,
Rapt by thy beauties, lingered on his way,
Struck but one chord, and to all future time
Hallowed those beauties with his loftier lay;—
It is not that the Rhine's broad waters stray
Beneath thy height to reach the distant sea,
Nor many a wild tale of thy earlier day,
How dear soe'er those olden tales to me;—
'Tis not for this I pour my parting strain to thee.

But when my spirit, dull and stagnant now,
Was buoyant as the wave that sweeps thy strand,
With rapture gazing on thy giant brow,
On yon opposing shore I took my stand.
And there, with wavering line and trembling hand,
First I essayed fair nature's forms to trace—
Thy fortress in its undisturbed command—
The precipice, the mountain's sweeping grace—
The rock, the vine, the copse low feathering to thy base.

Improvement comes too slow, but change how fast—
My skill is what it was, but not as then
I gaze upon the wrecks of ages past,
The scenes of nature, or the haunts of men.—
The mouldering gateway, or the mountain glen,
Were rapture to me: such if now I prize,
'Tis that they were so—if I seize the pen
To consecrate the feeling ere it dies,
'Tis memory's power alone can bid that feeling rise.

And would that memory's power could do no more,
Would there were nought to mingle with and spoil
The embalmed sweets of recollection's store.
But suns which vivify the vernal soil,
Bid too the adder in his brake uncoil;
Unchanging nature's charm bids us compare
The brow deep furrowed with the world's long toil
With her unwrinkled front, the hues of care
With her fresh glories—all we are with all we were.

NOTE.

Not that a mightier master, &c. &c.

Vide CHILDE HAROLD.—Canto III.

The castle crag of Drachenfels
Looks proudly o'er the Rhine.

BOYLE FARM.

THOU sentient tube, whose secret spell
For sixpence Brougham explains so well,
That from the kitchen to the attics
Each household dabbles in pneumatics !
How have I watched thy liquid ore,
And bow'd thy mystic shrine before,
To learn, if so the gods allow'd,
The destiny of sun or cloud,
Decreed by kind or angry heaven
For June the thirtieth, twenty-seven !

Long had the falling glass requited
That hapless race, the uninvited,
Who placed their pleasure and their pride in
The subtle mercury's subsiding.
In taunting tone they spoke their trust,
“ That storms like these would lay the dust.
“ A hundred water-carts prepared !
“ At least that outlay may be spared.”
Thus gibed they, and condemn'd us all
To misery and a wet Vauxhall.

Meek hope and humble faith despises
Such warnings.—Lo ! the index rises ;
The joyous face of heaven the while
Resumes the universal smile,
Which neither heaven nor man deny
To thee, good-humour'd A—y.

Oft have I seen in Biscay's main,
When head to wind some ship has lain,

Sore struggling with the tempest's forces,
With masts made snug and close-reef'd courses,
Sudden exulting sailors hail
The omens of a favouring gale,
Stay-sail and flying gib unroll'd,
Quit the dark caverns of the hold ;
To shake the reefs out every hand
Is busy, every yard is mann'd—
Till like a butterfly she sweeps,
With all her mighty wings, the deeps.

'Tis thus from bandboxes and presses
Confiding Beauty culls her dresses,
And more determined forth she draws
The snow-white slip, the virgin gauze.
Pledge of her trust in wind and weather,
She bids it droop, the graceful feather,
Fearful no more lest rain should spoil it,
That pride of all the morning toilette ;
Bracelet and chain conclude the list,
Round the fair neck and loaded wrist,

Of various mineral and mould,
Iron from Berlin, India's gold,
Vienna's talismanic signs,
The Koran's efficacious lines.

Sure, when the dress of former ages
Our children's scrutiny engages,
When antiquarians explore
The bracelets which their mothers wore,
Some future bard will rise to praise
The female strength of former days,
And show this weight of golden fetters,
To prove their grandmothers their betters.

'Tis done ; the last has left its place
Of rest in that red oblong case,
Whose well-known form and hue explains
So well the treasure it contains ;
And, as the taper wrist it rounded,
Gently the clicking clasp has sounded.

Now, each amusement antedating,
I see her at the window waiting,
Like ship for fight or speed prepared,
Her sails all bent, her yards all squared ;
Which, mann'd with hands and hearts all able,
Lies with a spring upon her cable,
And waits the telegraph's command,
To gain her offing from the land.

Soft, ere the carriage step descends,
And ere her course the Muse attends,
And, following close the briskha's rattle,
Pursues her to the press of battle,
I crave permission for expressing
My parting wishes, and my blessing.
Heaven send, to soothe her chaperon's cares,
Presumptive and expectant heirs ;
And 'midst them that less frequent treasure,
A partner who can keep the measure !

May others still remain enraged
To find her through the night engaged ;
May locks at mid-day curled, at two
Remain untouched by damp or dew,
Which make all tresses droop and drip so,
The curl'd, the crêpé, and Calypso !
My charm is said, my blessing done ;
I trust not idly breathed on one
Whom Nature, Maradan, and Kitching
Have toil'd alike to make bewitching.
Oh, Maradan ! thy fame refuses
The utmost efforts of the Muses ;
For, not like mine, thy midnight taper
Was lit for waste of ink and paper,
But for those works which Pallas loved,
For which her zeal the goddess proved,
By quickly changing to a spider
The luckless rival who defied her.
For weeks within thy shop, they say,
Thy maidens turn'd the night to day ;

Assistants and élèves were tired,
And countless 'prentices expired ;
Needle in hand, 'tis said, they died on,
Till every dress was shaped and tried on—
Till flounce and flower had found their station,
And every gown its destination.

Oh ! why, but for the sad prevention
Of my unfortunate invention,
Why, but to bother, vex, and bore me,
Did Moore perform my task before me ?
Why did he ever make us hear
Of Nourmahal or of Cashmere ?
Oh ! why has poet e'er composed
A strain so sweet and so be-rosed,
When I have need to count the noses
Of all the words which rhyme to roses,
Before I e'en can sketch the charm
Of thy solemnity, Boyle Farm !

So at the Opera, at a venture;
Some fair one's box perchance we enter,
And find one seated to his mind there,
Him whom we least would wish to find there;
The man whose speech's dangerous powers
We think alone can master ours;
The man who leaves each topic dry,
Then flings it down for us to try;
Who pillages of wit and zest
Our own anticipated jest;
With pity and composure treats us;
In short, who in a canter beats us.

Thus, in my own case, ill I brook
To see thy author, Lalla Rookh,
Before I e'en have started at her,
Close seated by my subject-matter.
I wish to heaven we had them here;
Dear Moore, your beauties of Cashmere!

If at Boyle Farm I once could catch them,
And did not in ten seconds match them,
Let those for whom I sing disown me,
And like the Bacchanalians stone me.

Yes, bring her here, the flower of all,
The caliph's favourite, Nourmahal ;
She who now hangs upon my arm
Shall meet and match her, charm for charm,
Though none can say, that by selection
I offer'd her that arm's protection ;
And none can call my terms unfair
If chance has placed the loveliest there.
Let Lawrence judge—my life upon it,
The turban yields it to the bonnet.
Though 'tis the right of our profession
Still from digression to digression
To stray, reflection summons back
My Muse to gain her proper track.

First let that Muse impartial state,
When coaches have discharged their freight,
When through the grounds the guests have stray'd,
And each preparative survey'd,
Why are such wistful glances sent
To yonder regimental tent?
The fairy Peri Banou gave
That tent to her young prince, the slave
Of more than mortal beauty's spells,
As old Arabia's legend tells.
I know not by what chance the Blues
Have stepp'd into Prince Ahmed's shoes.
It once sufficed for eastern nations
To smoke their pipes and eat their rations;
The sultan, court, and all the forces,
Here ate, and slept, and held discourses;
But to a peace establishment
The Blues reduced this mighty tent,
And Gunter lays around its poles
His cover for five hundred souls.

With Byron's hero I agree
In this. My tent is more to me
Than is that deck'd conservatory,
Where peers and princes, in their glory,
Partake the feast, and see their state
Reflected back from fretted plate ;
Where those who lately made a din
By throwing corn out, throw it in.
I have no wish to dine by ticket ;
I love to wander, and to nick it,
And gain by stratagem or skill
The very chair I wish to fill.
Here freedom reigns, no George and garter
From me with solemn bow can part her,
Whose smiles, not lessen'd by champagne,
Inspire as now my harmless strain,
And for the moment brighter make me,
Than that for which most mortals take me.
I love, 'mid noise of forks and dishes,
To speak my sentiments and wishes.

When Midas to the reeds preferr'd them,
The sedges blabb'd, and all men heard them.
But with a whisper not too loud,
And head towards the cutlet bow'd,
I keep each ear but one from gleaning
The least iota of my meaning.
How reason's power, how logic's force,
Increases in the second course !
How tongues are loosed, so late unable
To stir when fish was on the table !
If 'twere, as it is not, my cue
Some gentle object to pursue,
I ask no strange advantage sequent
On something wondrous or unfrequent ;
I ask not in the dangerous wave
First to upset her, then to save ;
I ask not midnight's silent hour,
The perfumed air, the moonlit bower,
(Though these were useful aids to seize on,
For passion's triumph over reason,)

Of all the twenty-four to win her,
Grant me, kind Heaven, the hour of dinner !

'Tis evening now, the sun is sinking,
To warn us from protracted drinking.
Yon lighted, boarded, chalk'd pavilion
Is destined for the gay cotillon.

How with an Eastern air it stands,
Like some gay hall on Ganges' sands,
Reminding veterans from India
Of Dowla, Ragonaut, and Scindiah,
And halls where Rajahs of Benares
Are wont to play their dull vagaries !

No dull ones ours ; not e'en to me,
Who since the gout has seized my knee
Have ceased my dancing. Still I love
To beat the measure as they move,
And fix a critic glance on those
Whose awkward limbs and leaden toes

Still while they live must fail to find it,
Still dart before, or lag behind it,
And baffle music's choicest sounds
By wily turns and desperate bounds.

Then stray we for awhile to hear
The strong-limb'd, green-capp'd mountaineer,
Or yield at once the melting soul
To Caradori's barcarolle ;
Or while from shore the mortals stare on,
Let me accept the place of Charon,
And raise, while joyous souls I ferry,
The lay of my enchanted wherry.

“ See my bark has long been waiting,
“ Prompt to sail at beauty's call ;
“ Hush your scruples, cease debating,
“ Enter, there is room for all ;

“ But her builder never meant her
 “ To receive the vulgar throng :
“ Wit, and song, and beauty, enter ;
 “ Gaily then she glides along.

“ Ask not what my bark can carry ;
 “ Ask not how she steers her way ;
“ Starry lamps, and eyes more starry,
 “ Guide the helmsman on his way.
“ From the rising waters shrink not,
 “ Though too nearly they approach ;
“ Wit, and song, and beauty, sink not,
 “ Though rebellious waves encroach.

“ There are voices here to charm them,
 “ And the eyes which they reflect,
“ Of their terrors can disarm them ;—
 “ See, the waves have learnt respect.

“ Now sit fast : the chain I sever,
“ Which confines us to the shore,
“ Hearts of lighter burden never
“ Laughing Pleasure’s lifeboat bore.

“ Pleasure’s gayest chaplets crown us ;
“ What can then awake our fears ?
“ A sigh might sink, a tear might drown us :
“ What to us are sighs or tears ?
“ If amidst us Care be coiling,
“ Find the deepest pool for him ;
“ Plunge him where its depths are boiling ;
“ Fear no murder—Care can swim.

“ Care would call me vagrant, rover,
“ Ask me where I shaped my course.
“ Seize the miscreant ! fling him over !
“ Answering him would make me hoarse.

“ Fear not. None have ever found me
“ Doubtful where to lead my crew ;
“ By the eyes which beam around me
“ I can read the compass true.

“ Float we now by yonder willow ;
“ Never dew-bespangled trees,
“ Bending low to kiss the billow,
“ Wept such radiant drops as these :
“ Scarce so bright in her lamenting
“ Eye of widow'd love appears ;
“ Eyes of Magdalen repenting
“ Shone less brightly through her tears.

“ To receive the stream we float on
“ Would the sea did not exist ;
“ Would that I might urge my boat on
“ Still for ever where I list !

“ But the voice whose spell, delighting,
 “ First seduced me from the shore,
“ Now to new pursuits inviting,
 “ Bids me moor my bark once more.”

And hark ! a novel sound surprises ;
In air the warning rocket rises.
'Twas thus, on Leipzic's awful night,
When warring Europe paused in fight,
The fiery sign mysterious rose,
Ill understood by all but those
Who knew by previous information,
It told them that another nation,
With forward Blucher in its ranks,
Was station'd on Napoleon's flanks.

How quick that warning sound has made
A desert of each lonely glade !
Each silent walk and half-lit alley
Are dull as Johnson's happy valley ;

Forlorn of every living thing
The Indian cottage and the spring.
In one be-shawl'd, be-feather'd cluster,
Upon the river's banks they muster,
To view, not glimpses of the new light,
But rocket, Catherine-wheel, and blue-light.
Thus, when some leader, to make good
His station, fills a neighbouring wood
With those insidious troops in green,
Whose powers are sooner felt than seen ;
If suddenly his own position
The foe should threaten with perdition,
The bugle sounds ; o'er all the plain
The scatter'd masses close again ;
Kicking their steeds with all their feet,
The skirmishing hussars retreat,
Resume the sabre from the side,
And sling the carbine as they ride.
Then from the bristling square once more
The musquetry's collected roar,

In one tremendous chorus, stifles
The drooping fire of scatter'd rifles.
Triumphs of carbon and of nitre,
None ever saw or wished ye brighter !
How sweet, for those like me, who love
To catch the moments as they move,
To watch the coruscations buoy'd
An instant on the murky void,
The next, by gravitation's power,
Melt in their gorgeous golden shower !
But most I love to turn and gaze
On all that mimic day displays,
On eyes that watch that fiery levin,
And saint-like glances turn'd to heaven,
Brows to the fleeting glare exposed,
And lips in rapture half unclosed.

'Tis thus my recollection paints
The sight of Milan's thousand saints.

Martyr and monk, each sculptured form,
Lit by the tapers of the storm.
Though thunder drops were round me plashing
I stood to watch the lightning's flashing,
Which rapt in momentary brightness
The Duomo in its marble whiteness.

But ah, for me, and for my lyre !
Like rocket which has spent its fire,
'Tis time to hiss, and to expire.
Not mine to interfere at all in
The sad details of carriage-calling ;
Yet shall the parting bard his due
Absolve, illustrious five, to you !
The warmest thanks in verse the dullest,
And may the open hand be fullest ;
May all your purses, such my wish is,
Be unexhausted as your dishes ;
May better bards arise than me
To sing thy praises, A——y,

BOYLE FARM.

And sing those too in strains befitting,
Who, nought forgetting or omitting,
Concentrated, with magic powers,
A year's amusement in six hours.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

'Twas done!—the veteran's mortal race was o'er!—

I stood to watch the burial of the brave,
And trace the dark procession as it bore
A friend and comrade to his humble grave!

Upon the coffin's sable lid they placed
His gleaming helmet, and his battle-blade,
And slow behind his raven charger paced,
Reft of the hand whose rule he once obey'd.

His mien was like an orphan child's, whose mind
Is yet too young a parent's loss to know,
Yet, conscious of a change, appears to find
A strange importance in his weeds of woe.

No voice of sorrow swell'd upon the air,
No orphan's shriek, to agonize the soul;
But o'er each warrior's iron visage there,
Tearless and stern, majestic sadness stole.

I did not weep; but when his comrades spoke,
And told how soon the stately warrior fell,
How short his sufferings, and how quick the stroke
That laid him low, I felt my bosom swell.

For death is welcome oft, when slow decay
At length has triumph'd o'er each lenient art;
But all whom fate less kindly sweeps away,
Inflict a sterner lesson on the heart.

And fairer forms may sink into the tomb,
As if they merely sought a happier clime;
And beauty's fragile grace, and hectic bloom,
Seem flowers predestined for the scythe of Time.

But yesterday in manly strength he stood,
Powerful as those who now support his bier,
As if some sterner chance of field or flood,
Death-shot or steel were all he had to fear.

And could that ancient charger speak to tell
The toils and triumphs of the fields he shared,
He might relate that there, where myriads fell,
And death was most unsparing, he was spared—

Spared from the conflict where his towering crest
Had floated o'er the closing squadron's throng,
Within his native land to sink to rest,
And be the subject of an idle song.

LINES
ON A FRENCH PRINT OF A
MILITARY EXECUTION.

It exhibits the moment when the condemned soldier kneels to receive the fire of the party appointed to be his executioners. His friend, and the priest, are seen retiring. His dog, whom he is endeavouring to shake off, still fawns upon him, and seems desirous to share his fate.

His doom has been decreed,
He has own'd the fatal deed,
And its forfeit is here to abide :
No mercy now can save,
They have dug the soldier's grave,
And the hapless and the brave
Kneels beside.

No bandage wraps his eye,
He is kneeling there to die,
 Unblinded, undaunted, alone.

His parting prayer has ceased,
And his comrade, and the priest,
From their gloomy task released,—
 Both are gone.

His kindred are not near
The fatal shot to hear,
 They can but weep the deed when 'tis done;
They would shriek, and wail, and pray,
It is good for him to-day
That his friends are far away,
—All but one!

In mute but wild despair,
The faithful hound is there ;
 He has reach'd his master's side with a spring.
To the hand which rear'd and fed,
Till the ebbing pulse has fled,
Till that hand is cold and dead,
 He will cling.

What art, or lure or wile,
That one can now beguile
 From the side of his master and friend ?
He has burst his cord in twain ;
To the arm which strives in vain
 To repel him, he will strain
 To the end.

The tear-drop who shall blame,
Though it dim the veteran's aim,
 Though each breast along the line heave the
 sigh?
Yet 'twere cruel now to save,
And together in the grave,
The faithful and the brave,
 Let them lie.

LINES

UPON A PORTRAIT BY CREEGAN OF

CHARLES KENDAL BUSHE,

CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH, DUBLIN.

If there be one who claims to share his part
Of deep enjoyment in the painter's art—
Who roams well pleased mid luxury's pictured halls,
Cuyp's sun-lit plains, or Rysdael's waterfalls—
Who owns the debt to Claude or Gaspar's power
Of many a not mispent, though idle, hour—
I boast myself that one ; yet e'en from these
To forms of more than rival power to please

I turn me, where the canvass learns to flow
With charms which Claude or Gaspar fail to show !
Hard though their task coy nature's form to trace
Through every wandering tint, or changing grace—
To paint the forest's gloom, the torrent's spray,
The sun's last light on Baiae's rippling bay—
Yet harder still the painter's task to bind
In art's strong chain the Proteus form of mind.
And thou, whose pictured semblance cheats my view
Till fancy almost deems the fiction true,
What tints must blended be, what hues combine
To fix the record of a mind like thine !
Deep thought with quick conception here should vie,
And flash united from the kindling eye—
Arrangement, tact, and memory to produce
The stores which patient study hoards for use.
Those lips should tell how from their sounds we draw
High lessons of the land's expounded law,
And mutely speak their wealth of tale and jest
To cheer the hours of intellectual rest—

Satire that wounds not, fancy linked to sense,
Mirth without folly, wit without offence,
The light of youth on manhood's brow severe—
We had not known thee, had not these been here.

LINES
ON A VISIT TO
CASTLE CONNELL RAPIDS,
NEAR LIMERICK, SEPT. 1829.

COME, watch with me yon river's flight,
Its arrowy path pursue—
Those waves below so dazzling white,
Above so deeply blue—
And share the rapture known to few,
The joy of ear and eye ;
Secure from yonder friendly shore
To list the music of their roar,
And trace their hurrying by !

And if for this one hour we borrow,
Life shall not lend that hour in vain,
Nor we repay the loan with sorrow—
That hour is meditation's gain;
For faney with her solemn train
To scenes like these will turn,
Where from the Keeper's misty crown
The congregated streams pour down,
And nature from a hundred hills
Her wild rock frets, her channel fills,
And drains her mountain urn.

See yonder bark careering past,
High o'er the buoyant surge's strife ;
The friends we love are borne as fast
Along the stream of human life—
That stream with toil and danger rife ;—
E'en if they scape the shoal
To make our mutual hearts rejoice
A moment's interchange of voice,

A transient glimpse perchance is given,
And all the rest is—hope in heaven
To find a common goal.

Some barks may steal the bank along,
And the mid stream decline ;
But life has lent its current strong
And roughest aid to mine.

The castled steep, the terraced vine,
The scenes where art and nature vie
The weary wanderer to arrest,
To bid him linger and be blest—
From these, scarce seen, condemned to part
With wistful eye and aching heart,
I still must wander by ;
And, sport of fortune's wildest wave,
Pursue the stream I cannot brave.

THE END.

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